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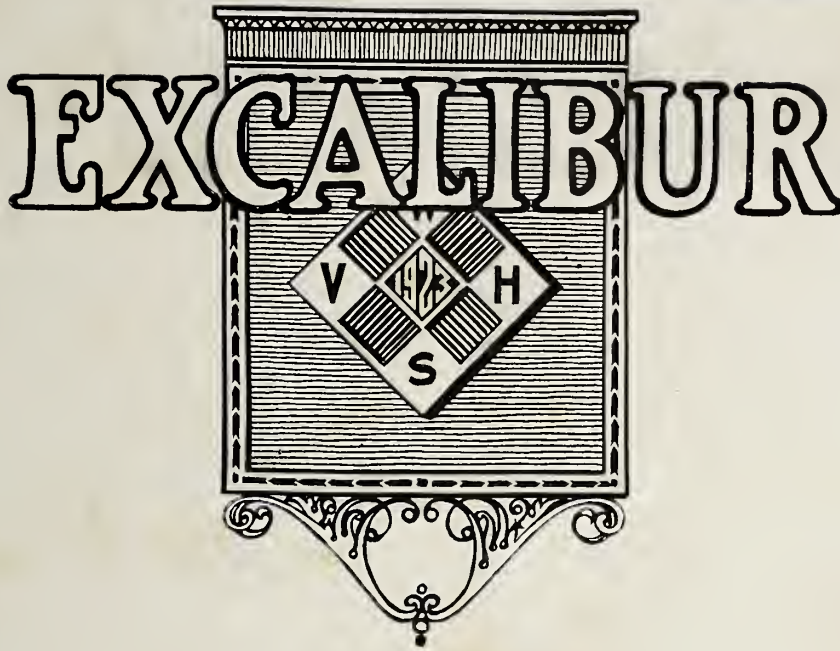
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1923



VOLUME V.

A Year Book, published by the Senior Class

1923

Van Wert High School
Van Wert, Ohio

Excalibur

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1923

VAN WERT HIGH SCHOOL

VAN WERT, OHIO



PRINTED BY
THE WILKINSON PRINTING COMPANY
VAN WERT, OHIO



Foreword

The class of nineteen hundred and twenty-three presents this, the fifth volume of the Excalibur, in the hope that it has not carried on unworthily the work so well done in the previous years. Our duty has been to record the various activities of the year, both our work and our play, in order that out of it there may grow a greater appreciation of our high school life and a greater loyalty to it.

Dedication



We, the Senior Class of 1923, dedicate this, the fifth volume of

THE EXCALIBUR

to

MR. H. L. SULLIVAN

*Superintendent of the Schools of the City of Van Wert,
Whose ceaseless efforts toward the betterment of those schools, and his
interest in the High School has won for him a place in
the hearts of everyone.*



The High School Building

TABLE of CONTENTS

Foreword	3
Dedication	4
High School Building	5
Faculty	7 to 10
Senior Class History	13 to 14
Seniors	15 to 29
Class Prophecy	31 to 33
Cartoon Contest	34
Seniorgrams	38 to 42
Juniors	44
Junior Class History	45
Sophomores	47
Sophomore Class History	48
Homer in Soliloquy	49
Freshmen	50
Freshmen Class History	51
The School Coward	52 to 54
High School Publications	55 to 59
Representative Student Contest	60
Clearing House	61 to 63
Snapshots	64, 78, 91, 111, 132
Music	65 to 68
Organizations and Dramatics	69 to 77
Athletics	79 to 90
Calendar	92 to 96
Jokes and Advertisements	97 to 147

H. V. LOCHNER

Faculty

FIRST PLATE

H. L. SULLIVAN - - - - - *Superintendent*

M. R. MENSCHER - - - - - - *Principal*

GRACE HALL ABBIE COLLINS

JAMES JONES

RHEA VOKE MILDRED HENRY

JANET CHRYST

MERLE SAGER ROBERT T. MOORE

SECOND PLATE

ORRIN D. BOWLAND GLADYS RIGGS

MARJORIE LEAMON BEULAH HUMPHREY

RUTH TOZZER

WILBUR COTNER H. B. SPEITH

PAUL UNGERICH

HELEN TRACY ALMA RULE

EXCALIBUR? 23



EXCALIBUR? 23





Senior Class Officers

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ROBERT RUCKLOS
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	KATHERINE KYLE
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	HAROLD BOWERS
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	LOUISE GIFFIN

CLASS COLORS

YELLOW AND WHITE

CLASS ADVISORS

MISS HALL

MRS. COLLINS



EXCALIBUR? 23

Senior Class History



SPECTATORS on the first morning of school, September, 1919, could not fail to notice the ill-assorted group of youngsters who fairly flew along the way to school, seemingly so anxious to absorb the knowledge that would enable them to be the kings and queens of the future dynasties.

We freshmen heard the audible wonderings of those spectators and unanimously decided to improve with age and make our country proud of us. Our ambitions were never expressed, but actions are said to speak louder than words.

The first sign of our budding intelligence was marked. We chose, from the motley crowd, Harold Bowers to be our leader in the Crusade. Always fair in love or war, he won our confidence, and with our undivided strength we made ourselves what we are today.

Our ability to achieve success was made public when we first offered entertainment to our schoolmates in the form of a chapel program. Our efforts were fully appreciated by the good natured audience and our career began.

In order to become better acquainted, and to relieve the monotonous routine of study, we were allowed several parties. These strengthened our defense against the onslaught of the upper classmen, for, in spite of our capability of controlling affairs, we had to bow to their authority.

In the spring came the unhappy ending of our first battle. We were all requested to be vaccinated for smallpox or withdraw from school for the remaining few weeks.

We were not discouraged by our first attempt and September, 1920, found us in the field of combat.

Robert Rucklos was chosen by popular vote to succeed Harold Bowers. Our first hardship in the second Crusade was the newly organized literary society. It was wholeheartedly depreciated until, unexpectedly, we found that our talents lay along dramatic lines. To prove this statement to the public we presented the play, "The Heavenly Twins." We celebrated this victory by having a hayrack party.

Of sophomores little is expected, so, after exploding this bomb in the peaceful districts of V. W. H. S., we were content to spend the remaining time in study and seeking amusement. We ended the year with a picnic to Celina. Will we ever forget it?

Enrolled in 1921 as juniors, we did not wish to bask in the glory of the radiant past, but set out to win again. Robert Rucklos was in command.



EXCALIBUR 23

Athletics proved a pathway to stardom for many. Football was all we could have hoped for. Remember what we did to Delphos?

The girls had their first chance to shine. A high school basket ball team was organized and we won the majority of the games.

On the Eve of Hallowe'en we were entertained royally by the Class of '22.

Winter came, and we sought to make ourselves known once more. Small but mighty, the Junior class once and for all established itself in the V. W. H. S. March 6, 1922, we presented the first class play, "Ruth In a Rush." It was an overwhelming success, and we hope the Juniors in future years will follow in the footsteps.

We began to make plans for the Junior Prom early and it kept us busy for a long time. We hope the Seniors enjoyed it as much as we did.

Without a doubt we all felt a pang of regret to start to school again in '22, knowing that early in '23 our school-days would be over, but we made the most of our time under the direction of Robert Rucklos and his compatriots, Katherine Kyle, Harold Bowers and Louise Giffin.

We began events with one of our old time hayrack parties, followed by a party for the Juniors on Hallowe'en.

On Friday, January 12, the Excalibur staff gave to the high school its explanation of the work done by the editors and various departments. A great deal of interest was aroused and we gained many pledges for Excaliburs in this manner.

The playlet, "Moonshine," was the next item of interest offered by the Senior Class. It was a very delightful program.

Examinations quieted all disturbances for a time, but then came the hardest task of all—graduation.

Our future orators entered the oratorical contest.

Our future stage artists appeared in the Senior Class Play April second and third.

It was especially troublesome getting to school on time to avoid staying in the detention room and to safely bestow our possessions in the new lockers.

The final exams ended our worries. Our air of importance increased and we looked forward to the week of entertainment before us.

The Baccalaureate Sermon made us think more seriously for our future.

We will always remember the Commencement exercises, for we received our diplomas and felt like sailors lost at sea.

Parties and picnics tended to lessen the pain of parting. As we wandered home on the last night from the Farewell Party we saw, at last, the Cruel World before us. But we are ever anxious to succeed and welcome smilingly the duties that await us.

Thus end the last Crusades.

LOUISE GIFFIN, '23.

EXCALIBUR? 23



ROBERT RUCKLOS

"Oh, these barren tasks, too hard to keep;

Not to see 'her,' study, fast, and not sleep."

President ('21), ('22), ('23)

Joke Editor—Excalibur

Cheer Leader ('22)

Hi-Y Treasurer

Ruth in a Rush

Come Out of the Kitchen

Chorus

KATHERINE KYLE

"With rolling eyes and face composed,

Like Cupid studiously inclined."

Vice-President ('21), ('23)

Art Editor—Excalibur

Y-Hi Publicity Committee

Ruth in a Rush

Basket Ball ('22), Capt. ('23)

Scarlet and Gray

Class Pin Committee

Come Out of the Kitchen

HAROLD BOWERS

"Satan's despair.

Treasurer ('23)

President ('20)

Personals Committee—Excalibur

Hi-Y

Ruth in a Rush

Assistant Cheer Leader ('23)

Class Pin Committee

LOUISE GIFFIN

"A regular human being."

Secretary ('23)

Literary Editor—Excalibur

Y-Hi Ways and Means

Ruth in a Rush

Come Out of the Kitchen

Class Pin Committee

EXCALIBUR '23



GLENN ANGEVINE

"There is no fairer ambition than to excel in talk."

Football ('20), ('21)
Come Out of the Kitchen

EDNA BINDEWALD

"By Heaven, that girl is fair indeed!"

Calendar—Excalibur
Y-Hi

JOHN CRAMER

"A most acute juvenile"

Treasurer ('21)
Calendar—Excalibur
Football ('23)
Baseball ('22)

LUCILLE BUSCHE

"Quiet and unobtrusive, but she gets there just the same."

EXCALIBUR? 23



MILES DEAL

*"Nowhere so busy a man there was,
Yet, he seemed busier than he was."* -
Hi-Y

MARJORIE BRITTON

*"She can stitch and sweep and bake.
What a housewife she would make!"*

EDWIN DAKE

*"All the great men are dead—and I
don't feel well myself."*
Athletic Editor—Excalibur
Hi-Y
Football ('23)
Scarlet and Gray
Come Out of the Kitchen
Music and Literary Contest

ELVA CHILCOTE

"She sits high in all people's hearts."
Y-Hi Service Committee

EXCALIBUR '23



FRED FEBER

"He could hold his tongue in seven languages."

Athletics Editor—Excalibur
Ruth in a Rush
Football ('23)
Baseball ('22)

MARIE COIL

"And still was she fond of precious stones."

Typewriting Committee—
Excalibur
Y-Hi Membership Committee

JOHN FRICK

"Industry is certainly very commendable."

Orchestra

JACK FARMAN

"What is worth doing is worth doing well."

Typewriting Committee—
Excalibur
Y-Hi Vice-President ('23)

EXCALIBUR? 23



NEIL GAMBLE

"He is a wise man who speaks little."
Football ('22), ('23)

MARY GRAVEN

"Tiny but apt."

WARD GLOVER

"I am not in the role of common men."
Come Out of the Kitchen

FERN FUGATE

"A full, rich nature, free to trust, Truthful and almost sternly just."
Y-Hi Service Committee
Typewriting Committee—
Excalibur
Chorus

EXCALIBUR '23



LEO HAMMON

*"Not Solomon in all his glory, was
arrayed like one of these."*

Personals Committee—Excalibur
Hi-Y
Ruth in a Rush
Come Out of the Kitchen
Baseball ('22), ('23)

MARY GREENEWALD

*"If she had any faults, she has left
us in doubt."*

Chorus

ROBERT HAWKINS

"Yo! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum!"

Treasurer—Excalibur
Hi-Y

GRACE HARTING

*"Not only good, but good for some-
thing."*

Vice-President ('20)
Music Editor—Excalibur
Y-Hi
Scarlet and Gray
Music and Literary Contest
Chorus

EXCALIBUR '23



ARTHUR HOFFMAN

*"There is no substitute for thorough
going, ardent, sincere earnest-
ness."*

Music and Literary Contest

MARY HOLTRY

*"She is short and dark and has brown
eyes,*

But notwithstanding very wise."

Typewriting Committee—
Excalibur

EDGAR JONES

*"A wise man is his own best
assistant."*

Hi-Y
Chorus

JOSEPHINE IRETON

*"One of her ten commandments is,
'Thou shalt always take a joke'."*

Joke Editor—Excalibur
Y-Hi
Ruth in a Rush

EXCALIBUR '23



MARSHALL MCCOY

*"I profess not talking—only this;
Let each man do his best."*
Hi-Y

OLWEN HUGHES

*"Heaven helps them who help them-
selves."*
Y-Hi
Chorus

CHRISTINE RAYER

*"Look! she is winding up the watch
of her wit—
Soon it will strike."*
Dramatics Editor—Excalibur
Y-Hi Program Committee

FREIDA WOODRUFF

*"The genial radiance of her face,
When she is near, lights up the
place."*
Music and Literary Contest

EXCALIBUR '23



MARY CHRYST

"To argue well is the end of logic."

Secretary ('22)
 Assistant Editor—Excalibur
 Y-Hi President ('23)
 Ruth in a Rush
 Class Pin Committee
 Music and Literary Contest

DOROTHY DASHER

*"Better to get up late and be wide
 awake than to get up early and
 be asleep all day."*

Personals Committee—Excalibur
 Y-Hi Ways and Means Committee
 Ruth in a Rush

VIVIAN LONG

"A good laugh is music in a house."

Secretary ('21)
 Photographer—Excalibur
 Y-Hi
 Ruth in a Rush

HARRIET WISE

*"Her name is wise and, as nothing
 argues otherwise, she's wise."*

Secretary ('20), Vice-Pres. ('22)
 Personals Editor—Excalibur
 Cheer Leader ('23), Assistant
 ('22)
 Y-Hi Song Leader
 Ruth in a Rush
 Come out of the Kitchen
 Music and Literary Contest
 Class Pin Committee
 Chorus

EXCALIBUR? 23



LEONARD LADD

"No coward soul is mine."

NELLIE KIRKLAND

*"Oh Music! Sphere descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid."*

Music and Literary Contest
Come out of the Kitchen
Y-Hi
Chorus

ELIZABETH KLEIN

*"Thy promises are like Adonis' gar-
den,
That one day bloomed and fruitful
were the next."*

Calendar—Excalibur
Y.Hi
Chorus

WANDA LEITER

*"She doeth little kindnesses that most
leave undone."*

Music and Literary Contest
Come out of the Kitchen

EXCALIBUR '23



DALE NORTH

*"Yet has his aspect nothing of
severe,
But such a face as promises him
sincere."*

RUTH LOGAN

"Her tongue is never tired."
Chorus

MARCILE McDONALD

*"A woman's hair is her crown of
glory."*
Typewriting Committee—Excali-
bur
Basket Ball ('23), Capt. ('22)
Orchestra
Chorus

RUTH MICHAEL

*"Her virtues on ten fingers I can't
count,
They total such a large amount."*

EXCALIBUR? 23



DALE SMITH

*"And here's a nice youngster of excellent pith,
Fate tried to hide him by naming him Smith."*

Calendar—Excalibur
Hi-Y
Scarlet and Gray

EVA PARKER

*"Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace and friend of human kind."*

DOROTHY RUNNION

"Some secret charm doth all her acts attend."
Chorus

RUTH SHOWALTER

*"A maiden shy I am you see,
My middle name is modesty."*
Y-Hi
Chorus

EXCALIBUR '23



DOLPH SHOCK

"I love the ladies!"
Chorus

IRENE SMITH

*"Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know."*
Y-Hi
Basket Ball ('23)

ANNABEL STASELL

"Judge only my intentions please."
Chorus

MYRL TERPENING

*"She reads books and makes 'baskets'
too,
She's just a good sport thru and
thru."*
Basket Ball ('23)

EXCALIBUR? 23



DONALD STEWARD

"Good goods come in small packages."

Editor-in-Chief—Excalibur
Hi-Y
Class Pin Committee

PEARL TERRY

*"An artist maid,
A goodly entertainer, too."*
Art Editor—Excalibur
Y-Hi Publicity Committee

NERMA UNCAPHER

*"Of all those arts in which the wise
excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing
well."*
Y-Hi
Chorus

LEO WERTS

*"'Tis as easy to be heroes, as to sit
the idle slaves."*
Treasurer ('23)
Business Manager—Excalibur
Hi-Y President ('23)
Student Athletics Manager ('23)
Ruth in a Rush
Come out of the Kitchen
Music and Literary Contest
Class Pin Committee
Chorus

RHEA WADE

*"A giggle, a snicker, a smile,
But with all that, she's quite worth
while."*
Y-Hi Service Committee

EXCALIBUR? 23



CARLETON WALBORN

"'Mary' as the day is long."
Chorus

MARGARET WALLACE

*"Were she other than she is, she were
unhandsome."*
Chorus

LOYD WILLIAMS

*"How fluent nonsense trickles from
his tongue."*
Hi-Y

ESTHER WEAVER

"She has a soft and pensive grace."

JOHN MITCHELL

"Better late than never!"



Ellis Runnion
Ethel Snyder



Class Prophecy



HE DAY of judgment was drawing near and St. Peter, before opening the pearly gates of heaven, was reading from his mighty Book of Life the records of earthly beings and choosing from the goodly number his angel band.

Death, while waiting to be sent forth to reap his harvest of human lives, was standing by his side offering advice and suggestions.

Seated one evening alone by my fireside, I was interrupted in my perusal of the evening paper by a noise at the window. Without stopping to knock but raising the sash and stepping into the room, Death confronted me. Startled, yet amused, and thinking myself the object of a joke, I inquired his errand. In a manner mysterious and ghostly, he raised his hand and recited, "Death summons every man to come and give an account of his life to St. Peter." So saying he took my hand and, unable to resist, I followed him into the darkness.

We had travelled some distance when Death suddenly became confidential and informed me of the reason that was bringing me hither. This was the busy season in St. Peter's profession and the task was very great. In deciding for and against the many victims of judgment day, he had taken them year by year and arrived at the last but not least—Twenty-three. It presented such a problem that he felt the need of an assistant. As I was experienced as secretary of the class, I willingly gave up my worldly ambitions and relished the idea of seeking this unusual adventure.

I was greeted gruffly by St. Peter and snatching the chance of making a good impression, I set to work immediately.

At the head of the list was Robert Rucklos, our worthy president. His name may now be found in Ohio City's Hall of Fame. He is thus honored for his bravery in capturing three notorious men, safecrackers by profession, Edgar Jones, Dolph Shock, and Glenn Angevine. They were successful for a time because they used their heads in the business. Outwitted by Robert, the story of their capture will long be remembered.

Travelling along the same road we find in the city of Mercer an imposing edifice which lends charm to the surroundings. Mary Graven, as business manager and clerk, explains the purpose of this factory. Styles change, as we all know, and to prevent the ladies from bobbing their tresses to furnish material for hair nets, Rhea Wade and Eva Parker secure the finest of frog hairs for the purpose.

An event of interest and one all had been expecting is here mentioned. A pretty wedding is described. Rev. Frick binds in the holy bonds of matrimony Ward



EXCALIBUR? 23

Glover and Wanda Leiter. The bride was charmingly dressed in a gown of white satin and wore a veil of real lace, both showing the bride's accomplishments, for it was her hands that fashioned them. Annabelle, the flower girl, robed in pale blue georgette, wore a picture hat trimmed with real roses and carried a bouquet of the same—a delicate pink. Marshall McCoy was the ring bearer. An appropriate outcome of this exquisitely appointed affair—Rev. Frick weds the maid of his heart, Fern Fugate.

Along a lonely wayside path, a scene not so pleasant comes to my mind as I read, Spinsters, Dasher, Long, Kyle, Wise, and Chryst. Many years they lived in isolated bliss. They offer a home for friendless men and whisper low "it might have been."

An Institution of Knowledge, established by Christine Rayer will long be remembered as being beneficial to our city. Requirements for popularity are the most important subjects upon which the pupils are instructed. Calisthenics, or How to Grow Thin, taught by Nellie Kirkland, whose motto is "practice what you preach."

Women's wiles are perfected by Josephine Ireton and her able assistant, Marie Coil. A course in letter writing, chiefly expressions of sentiment, is taught by Dorothy Runion. Mike Deal offers a special course to men on "How to Tame Wild Wimmen."

Lessons in etiquette, necessary for admittance to Society, Gordon Perry teaches us how to take a highball gracefully.

Of Leo Werts, much is said of his reputation as a Judge. The case that made him famous was that of Mary Walborn against Carlton Walborn—charges jealousy and plea for divorce. Witnesses were their intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Curly Bowers, nee Ruth Showalter, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Williams, nee Pearl Terry, who sanctioned accusations. The wise judge sentenced them to another year of married life, promising separation at the termination of that time if the case was the same. Mary and Carleton now live happily together, and the judge, single blessedness for him. The court stenographer and judge's private secretary is the world's champion speed typist, Jack Farman.

One of our more fortunate classmates, Leo Hamman, wealthy and a man of leisure, spends most of his time shooting rabbits in the bulrushes.

Olwen Hughes, fortunate person, collects tolls from all pedestrians as they cross the canal bridge in Delphos.

In the Marsh Foundation we find our more practical friends, leading a life of usefulness. Marcile McDonald, a very competent physical director, earns her daily bread by exercising the little orphans. Many useful things are taught the inmates. Elizabeth Klein is the teacher of domestic arts, though occasionally, romance weaves itself into her dream and the topics for study change. Marjory



EXCALIBUR 23

Brittsan and Margaret Wallace insure health and happiness to the collection by their wholesome cooking. The dishes they prepare rival those pictured in the Woman's Home Companion. Robert Hawkins is the janitor.

Our great prima donna has just returned from a tour of Europe. Dale North manages her affairs. The tour was evidently very successful for one sees everywhere posted "Mme. Grayce Hartingski." Mary Holtrey is her maid and is quite proud of the position.

Ruth Logan, who sincerely believes in woman's superiority over man, conducts her own dairy farm. Ruth Michael, her closest friend, is with her seeking to drown the sorrow of a disappointing love affair in the rustic beauty of the country.

Two of our friends have followed the inclinations of their youth. Edwin Dake and Neil Gamble play on the National Football Team.

In a faraway city, sitting before a large desk, we find Don Stewart, now editor of a great newspaper. At this interview we see Nerma Uncapher, his favorite reporter, but that is not the question of the moment. However, in the one last long look at this pair there is a smile on each face, and without doubt the interview has been successful.

There has been an addition to Main Street in the past few years. Leonard Ladd has opened a new garage for sick automobiles and motorcycles. We read the sign hanging above his head, "Forgive us our Trespasses," as we watch him remove a part from the engine of an automobile.

And too, we read the sign Hoffman and Smith, Photographers. It hangs before the door of Jimmy Riley's former Fish Market.

Van Wert mourns Frieda Woodruff. She no longer serves us soda but has gone forth into the cruel world to read men's futures from their palms. Frieda! will I ever be a director? And will Harold Bowers succeed as a comedian?

Edna Bindewald, our golden haired Lucie, danced her way through life until charmed by the thoughts of a future with John Cramer, she becomes a model housewife. And now Fred Feber, pining for John's company, walks along the streets of Lima greeting all the bobbed haired girls with an absent-minded smile.

Irene and Myrl, since giving up basket ball, have purchased a beauty parlor. They invent new beauty hints that may be read in the Toledo News Bee.

Lucille Busch succeeded Miss Stevens as Mr. Sullivan's secretary and she spends the summer with Elva Chilcote in Alaska.

When I had finished my task, I wondered if there would be further discussion with St. Peter. I was not disappointed. As Death once more took my hand to lead me I knew not where, St. Peter approached and handed me a slip of paper. He watched me with a grave face as I read the words which appointed me director of entertainments in Heaven. Death allowed me no time to thank St. Peter, but I looked my delight to him as he stood till the gates closed after me.



A Typical Senior - At the "Kid" Party
18

CARTOON CONTEST

The prize-winner of this year's contest was the cartoon entitled, "A Typical Senior at the Kid Party"—drawn by Ruth Bonnewitz.

You Can't Always Tell



WHEN Robert LeRoy Dyer entered Grantville High School he expected to become, immediately, one of the *leaders*. Coming from the larger school of the nearby city where he was only one among many he expected to be greeted with all deference and hoped they would appreciate the fact that he had stood first in his class the year before. Brains? it was unanimously agreed among his classmates that he was the only one who could "see through" solid geometry and he was famous for his sight translations of Virgil. Manners? he put all the other fellows in the shade when it came to that. Looks? the first morning he walked into the Study Room at Grantville the girls and boys with one accord mentally registered him as an Appollo and a "fool collar-ad," respectively. Really for the first day as the new Senior he was at least to himself, in a satisfactory situation.

It was when Miss Jones, the English teacher, called on him the next day that the girls' opinion tottered and the boys—such as it was—was strengthened. Miss Jones very innocently addressed him as "Robert," which seemed to be quite an insult to him as he, in a very condescending tone informed her of the fact that he preferred to be called Robert LeRoy as Robert was such a common name, and then proceeded to make a brilliant recitation on Milton's minor poems. If he had glanced at any of his fellow students as he resumed his seat he might have noticed that the girls had apparently brushed all the expression from their faces into their handkerchiefs and that the boys were exchanging disgusted glances and "I-told-you-so" smiles.

It was not long, however, before he discovered the general attitude toward him. He began to realize how lasting first impressions are. He did his best to rise in the opinions of his classmates, joined a gym class at the "Y," went out for football practice, joined the dramatic club of the High School, and when asked once to "give us a little tune" at one of the class parties, obligingly played Schubert's "Serenade" and Handel's "Funeral March." He even joined the fire department to which nearly all the boys belonged and from which he received the sum of one dollar per month and the privilege of being dismissed from school to help fight fires whenever they got beyond the control of the regular firemen. However, there were never any fires in Grantville. The only time the motor-truck was used was when it made practice runs to different parts of the town.

No one knows how long Robert LeRoy's position would have remained unchanged if, on one cold February day, the fire alarm had not sounded and the magnificent truck had not immediately afterwards rushed down the street, past the




EXCALIBUR? 23

school building. It happened that it was during chapel exercises, when an influential citizen of the town was giving a long, rambling talk on "Bad Habits—Where They Lead." He was quite well-to-do and the school needed a new piano, so the teachers and pupils remained attentively *watching* the speaker and more attentively *listening* to the distant screech of the siren and the roar of the motor truck. Judging from the shouting and rushing automobiles there was *really* a fire this time. Mr. Hughes was nearing the climax of the career of an habitual smoker when a man rushed into the assembly hall and shouted that all hands were needed for the police were busy pursuing the men who had robbed and fired the insurance building and the one next to it was also speedily burning.

There followed a scene of general confusion during which Robert LeRoy was hurried with the other fellows into a waiting automobile and rushed to the burning buildings. Robert LeRoy at last came to himself and realized that he was on the roof of a building where there was no fire at all, holding desperately to a pick-axe. He was just about to cross to the roof of the next building where the flames were spreading rapidly when he noticed a thin curl of smoke coming from one corner of the roof where he was. He shouted for the others to help him but they were too much occupied where they were so he ran to it alone and began to chop.

A cloud of smoke rushed up into his face when he finally broke through the ceiling of the room below. Tying a handkerchief over his nose and mouth, he let himself down into the room. Vague ideas of daringly rescuing a fainting stenographer and then being triumphantly carried through the streets as a hero, urged him on.

After the first rush of smoke the air cleared somewhat, and he made a round of what he discovered was the private office of Mr. Hughes. As he reached one corner of the room he stopped, hardly able to believe his eyes. A large safe stood open and empty and on the floor beside it was an acetylene torch. As he stooped to examine it another puff of smoke filled the room, making it impossible to see, and he felt in vain for the torch. This time the air did not clear as before. He dropped on his knees and started in the direction where he thought there was a window. In doing so, his hand touched a tin box. He moved on, however, but was again stopped, arrested by a voice coming from what he knew must be the radio set located by the window. Evidently the story was being broadcasted for the benefit of the newspapers of the surrounding towns, also which was much more to the point, to give the description to the police and the officials who might be on the look-out for the bandits whom a frightened stenographer had described in her vivid account of the exciting affair, but what caught his attention in the instant that he listened was the description of a tin box containing papers of more value than even that of the sum of money taken. Turning back he felt for and found the box that he had just touched. At the same moment he heard a crackling noise, and raising his



EXCALIBUR? 23

head he discovered a faint red glow through the smoke. He realized the size of the glow was increasing, and that he could not hope to escape through the hole by which he had entered. Guided by the voice he made his way to the window. At last he reached it and threw it open. In the crowd below he could see Mr. Hughes talking excitedly and pointing toward the window, where Robert LeRoy stood. He shouted to the people and waved the box back and forth to attract their attention. Already the firemen had placed a ladder to the window. As he descended, he realized how nearly suffocated he had been, after the contact with the clear air.

Mr. Hughes rushed up to him, put a steadying arm across Robert LeRoy's shoulder, seized the box, examined the contents, turned a beaming face to the crowd of assembled students and fire fighters, and told them that the valuable papers had been recovered. He again turned to the boy and asked him what he could give him as a reward. Robert LeRoy thought fast and remembering the High School's unanimous and often expressed wish for a new piano, he made his choice. Mr. Hughes gladly consented and turning to the boys on the fire brigade announced to them Robert LeRoy's choice and also invited them to a banquet that evening.

There was a cry of "Speech! Speech!" but before he could collect his senses Robert LeRoy found himself hoisted to the shoulders of his classmates and borne off to the "Y" for a general clean-up, to the tune of "What's the matter with Bob Dyer? He's all right!"

ELIZABETH KLEIN, '23.





EXCALIBUR '23

Seniorgrams

GLENN ANGEVINE—*Angie*

Hobby—Boxing
Ambition—To fight Jack D.
Seen—At the Y. M.
Likes—Bill
Favorite Expression—"Me"

EDNA BINDEWALD—*Ande*

Hobby—Studying
Ambition—To teach kindergarten
Seen—With Ruth
Likes—Ervin
Favorite Expression—"Oh, do you think so?"

HAROLD BOWERS—*Curlie*

Hobby—Acting funny
Ambition—To be a second Charlie Chaplin
Seen—Talking to Edna
Likes—To make a noise
Favorite Expression—"Cal Come!"

ELVA CHILCOTE—*Ted*

Hobby—Teaching school
Ambition—To be a H. S. teacher
Seen—With Marie
Likes—Jesse is his first name
Favorite Expression—"Hope to tell you"

FRED FEBER—*Febe*

Hobby—Saying nothing
Ambition—To be a druggist
Seen—At the counter
Likes—To snowball
Favorite Expression—"Listen to me, kid"

LUCILLE BUSCHE—*Bushy*

Hobby—Typewriting
Ambition—To be a stenographer
Seen—With Marjorie B.
Likes—Everybody
Favorite Expression—"You never can tell"

JOHN CRAMER—*Cramer*

Hobby—Reading Whiz-Bang
Ambition—To be a Texas Ranger
Seen—At Gleason's
Likes—The ladies
Favorite Expression—"Isn't that the cat's meow?"

MILES DEAL—*Mike*

Hobby—Writing stories
Ambition—To get a date with a V. W. H. S. girl
Seen—Also heard
Likes—Charlotte
Favorite Expression—"Hang it!"

MARY CHRYST—*Melly*

Hobby—Hiking
Ambition—To become President of United States
Seen—Often
Likes—The Irish
Favorite Expression—"For the love of Lulu"

EDWIN DAKE—*Eddie*

Hobby—Carrying trays
Ambition—To be President of U. S.
Seen—Sticking up for V. W. H. S.
Likes—Books
Favorite Expression—"Aw"

MARIE COIL—*Mary*

Hobby—Getting things for her trousseau
Ambition—To learn to cook
Seen—With Elva
Likes—A school teacher
Favorite Expression—"Ge whiz!"

DOROTHY DASHER—*Dot*

Hobby—Talking
Ambition—To keep 'em guessing
Seen—Often
Likes—Books (?)
Favorite Expression—"For vy I wonder?"

EXCALIBUR? 23

JACK FARMAN—*Jackie*

Hobby—Roughing it
Ambition—To be a nurse
Seen—At the typewriter
Likes—Spicket
Favorite Expression—"Ge! I don't know"

JOHN FRICK—*Johnnie*

Hobby—Standing at Reference Desk
Ambition—To be a preacher
Seen—At Crosby's
Likes—?????
Favorite Expression—"Now act as I do"

FERN FUGATE—*Fern*

Hobby—Rollin' the bones!
Ambition—To be matron in an orphan asylum
Seen—With Mary and Carleton
Likes—Mary and Carleton
Favorite Expression—"Seven, come eleven!"

LOUISE GIFFIN—*Squee*

Hobby—The movies
Ambition—To be Norma's only rival
Seen—At Kline's
Likes—To dance
Favorite Expression—"Er — something like that"

NEIL GAMBLE—*Deacon*

Hobby—Football
Ambition—To make the "All American"
Seen—Tackling 'em
Likes—V. W. H. S.
Favorite Expression—"Get that man"

MARV GRAVEN—*Ted*

Hobby—Dancing
Ambition—To be a school teacher
Seen—With myself
Likes—Everybody, I guess
Favorite Expression—"I don't care"

MARY GREENEWALD—*Maggie*

Hobby—Talking in the halls to—?
Ambition—To teach school

Seen—With "Him"

Likes—Carleton

Favorite Expression—"Oh, pshaw, now Carleton"

WARD GLOVER—*Tub*

Hobby—Writing stories
Ambition—To be a railroad operator
Seen—On Saturday night
Likes—"Her"
Favorite Expression—"Damn!"

GRACE HARTING—*Curlie*

Hobby—Studying
Ambition—To travel
Seen—Occasionally
Likes—Everyone
Favorite Expression—"Who knows?"

MARV HOLTRY—*Bobbie*

Hobby—Getting shorthand (?)
Ambition—To be tall
Seen—But seldom heard
Likes—Us all
Favorite Expression—"Oh, dear"

OLWEN HUGHES—*Punk*

Hobby—Talking and eating
Ambition—To be skinny
Seen—Every place
Likes—Most anyone
Favorite Expression—"Well, for crying out loud"

LEO HAMMON—*Snookums*

Hobby—Reading (?) French
Ambition—To get the machine at night
Seen—Combing his hair
Likes—Basketball
Favorite Expression—"Got a match?"

JOSEPHINE IRETON—*Jodie*

Hobby—Dancing
Ambition—To get married
Seen—In the car
Likes—To get letters (???)
Favorite Expression—"No, John, no"

EXCALIBUR? 23

NELLIE KIRKLAND—*Nell*

Hobby—"Kitten on the Keys"
Ambition—To succeed Galli Curci
Seen—With a Soph
Likes—Who knows? I don't
Favorite Expression—"My Gosh!"

ROBERT HAWKINS—*Bob*

Hobby—Going to out of town dances
Ambition—To go West
Seen—Under his "Metz"
Likes—His job on the staff
Favorite Expression—"Had some time last night"

ELIZABETH KLEIN—*Rib*

Hobby—Writing clever things
Ambition—Lots of it
Seen—In front of Bob
Likes—To kid Mr. Bowland
Favorite Expression—"Trays beans"

KATHERINE KYLE—*Katy*

Hobby—Athletics
Ambition—To grow
Likes—Basketball (captains)
Seen—Often
Favorite Expression—"She did?"

ARTHUR HOFFMAN—*Art*

Hobby—Bowling
Ambition—To be a photographer
Seen—With Dale
Likes—Geometry
Favorite Expression—"Look pleasant, please"

RUTH SHOWALTER—*Bob*

Hobby—Writing notes
Ambition—To teach school
Seen—With Pearl T.
Likes—H. B.
Favorite Expression—"I hope to tell you"

ANNABELL STASSELL—*Dolly*

Hobby—Farm chores
Ambition—To play "Slow and Easy"
Seen—With Mary G. (Why?)

Likes—Mary's brother

Favorite Expression—"I don't know exactly"

ROBERT RUCKLOS—*Bob*

Hobby—Ringing the chimes
Ambition—To be a fur trader
Seen—Playing Romeo to his Juliet
Likes—Juliet
Favorite Expression—*Censored!*

IRENE SMITH—*Skeezics*

Hobby—Reading
Ambition—To be a nurse
Seen—With Myrl
Likes—Myrl
Favorite Expression—"Hey, Myrl"

MYRL TERPENING—*Imp*

Hobby—Basketball
Ambition—Being "a" angel
Seen—With Irene
Likes—Irene
Favorite Expression—"Yoo, hoo, Irene"

DOLPH SHOCK—*Shock*

Hobby—Going to church
Ambition—To be a preacher
Seen—At church
Likes—Dorothy
Favorite Expression—"Oh, Dorothy!"

PEARL TERRY—*Bill*

Hobby—Drawing
Ambition—To be an artist
Seen—With Ruth
Likes—L. W.
Favorite Expression—"?????"

NERMA UNCAPHER—*Nygpt*

Hobby—Writing poetry
Ambition—To be a great writer
Seen—Seldom
Likes—Her lessons
Favorite Expression—"I guess so"

DALE SMITH—*Dale*

Hobby—Pounding the typewriter
Ambition—To become something



EXCALIBUR '23

- worth while
Seen—Seldom
Likes—???
Favorite Expression—"Aw!"
- RHEA WADE—*Wee-Wa*
Hobby—Just being nice
Ambition—To be a stenog
Seen—With Polly
Likes—Most everyone
Favorite Expression—"Gee"
- MARGARET WALLACE—*Rosie*
Hobby—Filling her "hope chest"
Ambition—To get married
Seen—At V-11
Likes—"Him"
Favorite Expression—"I don't know"
- DONALD STEWARD—*Drowsy*
Hobby—Radio
Ambition—To be a second Thomas Edison
Seen—In the annual office
Likes—???
Favorite Expression—"!*?*&!()*"
- RUTH MICHAEL—*Rufus*
Hobby—Virgil
Ambition—To marry ?
Seen—With another Ruth
Likes—???
Favorite Expression—"I can't say"
- EVA PARKER—*Polly*
Hobby—Auto riding
Ambition—To be a bookkeeper
Seen—With Diana T.
Likes—D. T.
Favorite Expression—"Good night"
- MARSHALL MCCOY—*Marsh*
Hobby—Studying
Ambition—To be an engineer for peanut roaster
Seen—At Y. M.
Likes—E. C.
Favorite Expression—"Gee, I don't know"
- CHRISTINE RAYER—*Tinky*
Hobby—Lessons
Ambition—To be a Prof.
Seen—Helping all of us
Likes—To teach
Favorite Expression—"That Peck Eck"
- DORTHY RUNNION—*Dolphy*
Hobby—Dolph
Ambition—Dolph
Seen—With Dolph
Likes—Dolph
Favorite Expression—"Now, Dolph"
- DALE NORTH—*Dale*
Hobby—Coming to school late
Ambition—To Learn to run a Ford
Seen—Now and then
Likes—That's the mystery
Favorite Expression—"Oh, I see"
- WANDA LEITER—*Tubby*
Hobby—Writing notes
Ambition—To teach in H. S.
Seen—With R. S.
Likes—'Most anyone, no one in particular
Favorite Expression—"Ye Gods"
- RUTH LOGAN—*Johnny*
Hobby—Talking
Ambition—To keep her neighbors from studying
Seen—With Pearl
Likes—Nobody
Favorite Expression—"Durn"
- EDGAR JONES—*Ed*
Hobby—Fixing machine
Ambition—To be a mechanic
Seen—At Y. M.
Likes—D. D.
Favorite Expression—"Ding bust it"
- VIVIAN LONG—*Bing*
Hobby—Star-gazing (?)
Ambition—To have a dream home
Seen—With the A. C. L.'s
Likes—Pretty clothes
Favorite Expression—"I just about ker-floosied!"



EXCALIBUR? 23

LEONARD LADD—*Doc*

Hobby—Fixing his motorcycle
Ambition—To be a mechanic
Seen—At Y. M.
Likes—???
Favorite Expression—“!*?()&! this machine”

MARCILE McDONALD—*Sally*

Hobby—Tennis and swimming
Ambition—To be a physical director
Seen—With Edna B.
Likes—The “Auburn Bunch”
Favorite Expression—“I don’t know”

ESTHER WEAVER—*Kate*

Hobby—Her lessons
Ambition—We suspect she has lots of it
Seen—Occasionally
Likes—Who?
Favorite Expression—“What is it?”

HARRIET WISE—*“Wise”*

Hobby—Leading cheers
Ambition—To be a Sarah Bernhart
Seen—In the Reo
Likes—The Dutch
Favorite Expression—“Gee, Golly, Gosh, Heck or Dern”

LEO WERTS—*“Oleo”*

Hobby—Hi-Y
Ambition—To be great
Seen—With Bob
Likes—Bob
Favorite Expression — “My Gosh, no!”

FREEDA WOODRUFF—*Suzie*

Hobby—Serving “cocs”
Ambition—To know everyone in H. S.
Seen—At K. & K.
Likes—Most all of us, I guess
Favorite Expression—“Has your order been taken?”

LOYD WILLIAMS—*Bill*

Hobby—Being funny
Ambition—To be a cartoonist
Seen—Also heard
Likes—’Em all
Favorite Expression—“Gee”

CARLETON WALBORN—*Carleton*

Hobby—Talking on the corner
Ambition—To be a wireless expert
Seen—Tagging along
Likes—Mary
Favorite Expression—“Gosh”

MARJORY BRITTSAN—*Marj*

Hobby—Writing to him
Ambition—To be an old maid (?)
Seen—In the cafeteria
Likes—To get letters
Favorite Expression—“Good night, nurse”

JOHN MITCHELL—*Johnnie*

Hobby—Reading
Ambition—To be a chemist
Seen—In Chem. Lab.
Likes—H²S., etc.
Favorite Expression—“S!!”



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Underclass Officers

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President	Dan Callihan
Vice President	Clifford Gamble
Treasurer	Luther Carlo
Secretary	Myrdyth Hartzell
Colors	Green and White

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

President	Harold Hester
Vice President	Lester Smith
Secretary	Virginia Stewart
Treasurer	Vernon Duckwall
Colors	Black and Orange

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

President	James Rumble
Vice President	Margaret Sidle
Treasurer	Vivian North
Secretary	Rachael Young
Colors	Silver and Rose

EXCALIBUR '23

Juniors



Bayles, Edna
 Bayles, Eva
 Bell, Beatrice
 Benson, Lillian
 Bennett, Almeda
 Blake, Bernice
 Bonnewitz, Ruth
 Boham, Goldie
 Boroff, Geneva
 Bucher, Anna
 Campbell, Virginia
 Coleman, Mary
 Crabtree, Margaret
 Dake, Ruth
 Donart, Levinia
 Duprey, Grace
 Eikenbary, Geraldine
 Fryer, Mary
 Fugate, Charlotte
 Gabriel, Vera
 Goeke, Lydia
 Green, Thelma
 Gunsett, Erma
 Harmon, Velma
 Hartzell, Myrdith
 Hoglie, Lenore
 Hoffman, Pauline
 Ireton, Marcile
 Johnson, Clara
 Kuln, Florence
 Lampe, Mabel

Ireton, Marcia
 Logan, Pearl
 Maxton, Vesta
 Moore, Mildred
 Myers, Willis
 Palmer, Edith
 Palmer, Regina
 Ringer, Wava
 Rumble, Alice
 Sadler, Lucy
 Severns, Mary
 Sheley, Ellen
 Spayd, Helen
 Steinmetz, Ruth
 Springer, Miriam
 Stutsman, Elizabeth
 Tindall, Diana
 Van Voorhis, Beatrice
 Weber, Margaret
 Wilson, Helen
 Wise, Kathleen
 Wise, Lillian
 Woten, Ruth
 Bell, Gaylord
 Bell, Wilbert
 Bobbitt, Forest

Calihan, Dan
 Conn, Norman
 Denig, Paul
 DeWitt, Lawrence
 Eckenstein, John
 Carlo, Luther
 Reed, Frank
 Sampsell, Leroy
 Stewart, Waldon
 Wilson, Eugene

Conley, Robert
 Evans, William
 Frick, Charles
 Fritz, Walter
 Gaddis, Russell
 Gamble, Clifford
 Goings, Dale
 Gunn, Robert
 Hammond, Philip
 Herring, Clarence
 Herring, Floyd
 Herring, Lloyd
 Hertel, Forest
 Hertel, Vern
 Hines, Robert
 Houltrety, Clyde
 Jackson, John
 Koogle, Millard
 Krieder, Lloyd
 Lindsay, Frank
 Lybarger, Arthur
 Moore, Donald
 North, Loren
 Owens, Judson
 Pennel, Dean

Perry, Gordon
 Priddy, Richard
 Rader, Pearl
 Sharp, Leland
 Starkey, Carl

Junior Class History



THE WARM summer days were softly slipping away, giving place to the mild autumn breezes, and all nature was clad in her most gaudy gown when this history began. We came from our pleasant homes with eager anticipation toward safely reaching the next rung on the ladder of knowledge. This year of breathless excitement, worry, and pleasure, ended all too soon, but when a year later we found ourselves within the solemn portals of our modern castle, not with the awkward mien and embarrassed appearance of a freshman, but with a lofty carriage, acquired from our previous years' success, we with a "Rah-rah Twenty-Four," entered the Sophomore Class, one hundred strong. This battle with geometry, English and history, together with other subjects, was not so difficult as we had feared, and when after the final exams, victory reigned, we proclaimed ourselves Juniors.

The first official proceeding of the class was to organize and select officers. The selection proved to be a wise one with Dan Calihan as president; Clifford Gamble, vice president; Myrdyth Hartzell, secretary, and Luther Carlo, treasurer. Our class colors, "Kelly Green and White," were retained.

In order to make the acquaintance of our new classmates, a hay-rack party to a woods east of the city proved successful and was indeed a merry event.

But perhaps the most delightful occasion of the year was when the Seniors entertained the Juniors at an Armistice party. Games, dancing, and refreshments were features of the evening. Everyone gave evidence of having a most enjoyable time.

Athletics! Are we not proud of our gallant athletes who proved themselves so worthy of their letters which they received after fighting so bravely for them? What a foolish question! Of course we are, and we feel sure that their victories will even be more numerous next year.

When the midwinter examinations were announced much undue solicitude and anxiety was felt by everyone, but they came and the memory of them faded away as rapidly as does the radiant light of a falling meteor, leaving us none the worse for our experience.

Immediately following the exams, preparation was made for a Junior Class play. Everyone was enthusiastic and eager to make it the best class play ever put on in high school. The play chosen was "A Full House," which was successfully given at the Strand Theatre, February 26, before a "full house." Miss Riggs and Mr. Sager proved very efficient directors.

At present, preparations are progressing toward the annual party given by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors. The Junior Prom, as it has been described, is indeed the most beautiful, splendid, entertaining, and sumptuous event of the year.

The class of '24 has always been distinguished for its perseverance, and for the spirit of determination which has always marked its progress. One short term remains to complete our school life, and now, as we look forth upon the future that awaits us, let us ever be mindful of our motto, "*Esse Quam Videre*," and may it be as a guiding spirit to hold us together as a solid phalanx united for the honor and glory of our class.

HELEN SPAYD, '24.

EXCALIBUR '23

Sophomore Class



Agler, Leland
 Anderson, Winona
 Ashbaugh, Blanche
 Bice, Marjorie
 Barnes, Doyt
 Bair, Grethel
 Blake, Franklin
 Berlin, Floyd
 Brown, Lucille
 Chilcote, Madeline
 Cole, Lorraine
 Conn, Ruth
 Crowe, Catherine
 Coulter, Robert
 Carpenter, Victor
 DeWitt, Bernice
 Dickinson, Marcella
 Dias, Russel
 Doner, Paul
 Draving, Paul
 Duckwall, Vernon
 Drury, Eugene
 Dustman, Joe
 Eirich, Evelyn
 Eck, Howard
 Farman, Leo
 Fawcett, Robert
 Fohner, Violet
 Gowans, Florence

Gribler, Frances
 Greulach, Clifford
 Howard, Florence
 Humerickhouse, Vivian
 Hymen, Catherine
 Hertel, Kathleen
 Hartman, Wilbur
 Hart, Dwight
 Herring, Russel
 Hester, Harold
 Hoghe, John
 Huffine, Russel
 Hofmann, Lue
 Hott, Harold
 Ireland, Cecile
 Ireton, Mary Louise
 Jenkins, Gladys
 Jones, Thomas
 Kundert, Norma
 Kiggins, Merle
 King, Archie
 Kennedy, Lynn
 Koogole, Paul
 Lytle, Chester
 Leist, Lester
 McCollum, Walter
 Monahan, Francis
 Martin, Mable
 Mathews, Pauline

Mosure, Unice
 Myers, Eva
 McDonald, Norma
 McGowan, Lois
 Nickel, Helen
 Ogg, Adabelle
 Ogg, Luther
 Osborne, Florence
 Purmort, Marcia
 Priddy, John
 Pomeroy, Virgil
 Rager, Golda
 Rayer, Montez
 Rank, Graydon
 Rice, Cecil
 Rilling, Helen
 Riggins, Clarence
 Ross, Dale
 Sanders, Thelma
 Sims, Marcella
 Sinn, Evelyn
 Spaulding, Winifred
 Sells, Paul
 Siple, Frank
 Swaney, Everett
 Smith, Lester
 Smith, James
 Spray, Leroy
 Stettlar, Grace

EXCALIBUR? 23

Stewart, Virginia
 Steinmetz, Helen
 Swartz, Lela
 Snyder, Florence
 Tester, Marion
 Thompson, Frances
 Thompson, Manota
 Tindall, Clarence
 Thomas, Lester
 Van Wald, Ilo

Warren, Ilo
 Wehinger, Glenna
 Weidner, Mary
 Wheller, Bertha
 Wise, Bernice
 West, Eugene
 Welch, Neil
 Wendel, Clayton
 Wilson, Robert
 Wise, Herbert

Wyant, Burt
 Yeates, Ward
 Yoh, Harold
 Yoh, Cahrol
 Yoh, Merel
 Young, Mary Belle
 Eustler, Boniti
 Tossey, Gaylord
 Stitz, Dean
 Plettner, Wayland

Sophomore Class History



THE POOR little Freshmen started to High School. It was lots of fun altho we were closely watched by the upper classes who seemed to notice our blunders with much joy (every new class in high school is expected to make mistakes and I am sure we came up to all expectations).

Of course we had to have a class meeting and elect officers. The results of our first election were: president, Ruth Conn; vice-president, Victor Carpenter; secretary, Carl Wertman, and treasurer, Harold Hester.

We had several class parties which we all enjoyed, and also organized our basketball teams. Our freshman year seemed to fly and the first thing we knew we weren't freshmen at all. We were sophomores.

Summer passed as swiftly as it had come and we soon found ourselves entering on our second year of high school.

You know they say the Sophomores are not quite so interesting, because the freshman greenness has gone and the smartness of the juniors has not yet arrived, but I think we filled our place quite well.

We felt rather important not to be sitting in rows A, B, C, etc, and could with the upper classes watch the freshmen. We were glad to sit nearer the middle of the room and feel as if we knew something of high school, the life and what was required of us.

This year we met most of our freshman friends again, but we really seemed much older, and just to prove it, take for example the boys' long trousers.

Early in the year we elected our class officers, which were as follows: Harold Hester, president; Lester Smith, vice-president; Virginia Stewart, secretary, and Vernon Duckwall, treasurer.

Our first party was held in the gym in November and all had an enjoyable time. Our next event was a hayrack party and we went to the woods. Everyone had a good time at this party in spite of two great misfortunes. In the first place there wasn't enough to eat and in the second it rained on the way home.

From parties we turned toward basketball. We were represented on the boys' Varsity team by Leland Agler, Robert Fawcett, and Frank Siples; on the girls' by Montez Rayer. Our boys were defeated by the seniors and thus were kept from winning the championship. However, we hope to win next year.



EXCALIBUR? 23

Marcia Purmort and Mary Louise Ireton were the newspaper reporters in our class. Each week they saw that we, at least some of us, were mentioned in the "Scarlet and Grey."

Next came Christmas vacation and trailing close behind came exams. Misfortunes never come singly and we had to hand in book reports the same month.

Many other things too numerous to mention occurred in our sophomore year and at the end of the year came again exams, and I was forced to believe that "*tempus fugit*."

The great ambition of the sophomores seemed to be to graduate. We sadly realized that just half of our high school life was over and yet we look eagerly toward the junior year where we expect many events of importance to occur.

HELEN STEINMETZ, '25.

Homer in Soliloquy



YE GODS! Some mortal, whose generosity is unbounded has turned my face to the wall. What emotion prompted the benevolent action, I am unaware.

It is rather embarrassing, I admit, to have my back turned toward the humans, who will no doubt make remarks about me. However, it is a blessed relief not to have to face the mob. My beloved countrymen will never know the agony I have endured from day to day, facing this crowd of grinning, gum-chewing hoodlums who are pleased to call themselves students. Of course, they think I am blind, but I am not.

From the corners of my eyes I can see them entering one by one, two by two, or otherwise. Ah! there come the lovers. He, slim and tall and ardent, she with soulful eyes and a beautiful voice, also a name that rhymes with fairy.

That lad, who is mostly composed of legs, is now swinging down the aisles apparently trying to see which leg he can throw the farthest without letting go of it.

Here are some girls, a rather intelligent group of—flappers, I believe they call themselves. Such clothes as they wear! Their skirts resemble the tunics worn by our runners in times gone by. To be sure, the little girl whose name is Kitty plays that game they call basketball.

The girl with the short, dark hair, her name is Sary, or something similar, is a very nice, bright, popular girl, but she, like the others, is in love, they say, with a chap whose name comes from the land where the shamrocks grow.

My word, what a racket! If I only had hands to cover my ears. There is no reason to be alarmed, it is only those wretched boys. Two of these dress alike and act alike, yet are not related; then with the addition of that other creature the effect is appalling, upon one of a poetical nature such as mine. But after all they may outgrow it.

Close behind comes Eloise Griffith. She is a very proper young person who never makes herself seem unnecessary.

Here comes a specimen worthy of a wreath of Olympian days. Plenty of muscle, self-reliance and spectacles.

Tardy as usual, the studious Anthony Peck appears upon the scene with his stack of books and his rosy nose—cheeks, I should have said.

EXCALIBUR? 23

The teachers are beginning to mark things on small slabs of paper, it will soon be time to settle down to work, or appear to do so, anyway.

Hark! someone is talking enthusiastically about something called a Glee Club. I gather they are about to do something extraordinary.

Zeus! I can't hear well. This curly-haired youngster is saying clever things that amuse these girls in this corner. At least they are giggling violently.

No wonder everyone is laughing, yon intellectual professor is actually counting on his fingers. It must be a real pleasure for these students to have teachers like that.

Alas, the grate principal is pushing some funny buttons and everyone seems to be jumping around and slamming desk lids. They are a noisy lot, but yet, O ye gods, what would the world do without them!

RUTH CONN, '25.

Freshman Class



Akon, Olive
Armentrout, Isabel
Barnes, Omah
Beeler, Freeda
Beard, Velma
Shaw, Fern
Beavo, Irma
Weyer, Leota
Evans, Margaret
Glenn, Edith
Bowden, Jessie
Burcaw, Helen
Cleland, Letha
Henkel, Vera
Conley, Ferne
Conn, Lois
Gribler, Mary

Davis, Thurma
Fawcett, Ilo
Bates, Elizabeth
Frantom, Gustava
Bell, Goldie
Pritchard, Mary Alice
Bonnewitz, Louise
Evans, Margaret Ann
Frantom, Luetta
Gaddis, Mary Alice
Dewitt, Marguerite
Beach, Jane
Harden, Vola
Gleason, Harriet
Harris, Martha
Harshman, Gwendolyn
Hertel, Treva

Hoekin, Lenore
Jackson, Hazel
Jeweal, Elva
Jones, Lillian
Kerr, Marie
Kirchner, Elizabeth
Ludwig, Opal
Mason, Gertrude
Mihm, Rosa Marie
Miller, Allegra
Miller, Mildred
Moore, Bonita
Norris, Thora
North, Vivian
Nunemaker, Helen
Roberts, Naomi
Severns, Ruth

EXCALIBUR? 23

Palmer, Helen	Albright, Corliss	Yeates, Harsen
Severs, Bernice	Deal, Awana	Argenbright, Frank
Poe, Julia	Greenewald, Chester	Thomas, James
Shively, Opal	Miller, Paul	Evans, David
Sidle, Margaret	German, Victor	Harber, Walter
Raymond, Elizabeth	Lipi, Victor	Hoghe, Albert
Smith, Bernice	Stickney, Robert	Fugate, Philip
Richey, Grace	Van Wormer, Harold	Jones, Carey
Smith, Euthelma	Ackom, Dale	Balyeat, Jack
Riley, Dorothy	Ingledue, Roy	Jones, Joseph
Harber, Vera	Cleland, Loren	Koogle, Harold
Stewart, Eelen	Mathews, Russel	Leaser, Byron
Stewart, Margaret	Corcier, David	Miller, Norbert
Steinmetz, Janet	Green, Francis	Pennel, Lawrence
Strother, Judith	Crider, Leroy	Prishey, Asa
Walls, Helen	Becker, William	Pruden, Harold
Weaver, Jennie	Davis, Kenneth	Rumble, James
Wothington, Mary Jane	Drollinger, Otto	Smith, Bernard
Everett, Margaret	Priddy, Joseph	Stewart, Ellis
Acheson, Maurice	Grill, Merwyn	Wilson, Jordon
Weisenborn, Robert	Roggenkemper, Henry	Wilmore, Dale
Oeschle, Elmer	Faller, Raymond	Wise, Roy
Oeschle, Leonard	Hook, Byron	Woodruff, Charles
Ainsworth, Owen	Atha, Donald	Buss, Charles
Dilts, Carl	Hayes, Lawrence	Busch, Reynold
Lowrey, James	Gilbreath, Lee	Holzer, Otto
	Harvey, Gareld	

Freshman Class History



HIGH SCHOOL: Our long coveted goal had been reached and it was with many fears and misgivings that we Freshies, one hundred and fifty strong, approached the hall of learning, feeling almost as small as on our first day of school. However, these fears soon left us and we were able to stand the good natured jokes of the juniors and seniors.

No class can work together successfully without organization, so before many days had elapsed we proceeded to organize, with James Rumble as president, Margaret Sidle as vice-president, Rachel Young as secretary, and Vivian North kindly consented to hold our great sum of cold cash (which would be a burden to anyone). After these first trying weeks had passed without any great disaster to us, we were anticipating a Hallowe'en party which turned out to be a hayrack party, and a very enjoyable one, with the usual termination, a "weenie and marshmallow roast." This party proved so successful we decided to hold another one soon. This was a bob-sled



party to York Center basketball game, and was not so successful for we arrived after the game.

Along came the mid-year exams which had been causing chills and fever for several weeks, but that event passed, and most of us came through safely. In observance of Washington's birth we held another party at the "gym." A fine time was reported.

The Freshman Class has a large honor roll, but is not very strong in athletics, although "Rosie and Spicket" make up for that. These social affairs are not the most important, but a little mixture of fun along with the more serious problems we have to solve is good for all of us, and promotes a spirit of good fellowship.

We are possessed with the determination to so conduct ourselves that when our high school career is ended we can look back on the four years with satisfaction and pride, realizing we have put forth our best efforts and have taken advantage of every opportunity to increase our store of knowledge.

NAOMI L. ROBERTS, '26.

The School Coward?



HEY, JANETTE! Bob-sled party tonight! Going?"

"Sure! Wouldn't miss it for anything."

This brief conversation passed between two pupils of the Shelbington high school was overheard by Robert Boyd, known as the school coward and sissy. Robert was a poor boy, the sole support of his invalid mother, a hard worker, and very studious. "Maybe I could let the lessons go tonight," he thought. "But possibly if I went the atmosphere would be too chilly. Wonder why the fellows can't like me? Oh, I almost forgot there's firewood to get tonight. No, Robert Boyd, there is no bob-sled party for you." He quickened his steps at the thought.


Across the street was a group of girls discussing the event, when one of them caught sight of Robert. "Oh, girls," she exclaimed gleefully, "there is that Robert Boyd. Isn't he a scream! Look at him walk! You would think his house was on fire."

"Yes," chimed in another, "we don't have to count on buying refreshments for the whole class. I know he'll turn up missing."

"But, girls, think," said another. "He has to support his mother, and you all know he's the best boy student we have. I think it's unjust to talk that way."

"Oh, I see thru' it now, Mary," drawled the first girl. "Robert isn't such a bad looking boy to you, is he?"

"Why, Elizabeth, how you talk! You know as well as I that he always takes the prizes for essays and such things and he can joke as well as any boy I know. But



EXCALIBUR? 23

just because he is unfortunate and can't show a girl a good time because he can't afford it you stick up for these creatures that smell of tobacco, fail in the tests and can only be called boys because they wear trousers. And I'm certain they will never win for themselves the title of 'Gentlemen'."

"My, how our little daughter can lecture. How long have you been practicing?" sneered Elizabeth. Mary smiled and they drifted into more pleasing conversation.

That night the trees saw a beautiful sight. It was a whole sled full of boys and girls who were filling the air with their gay, laughing, young voices. The lively breeze made their cheeks glow and seemed to give them spirit. They were taking the river road and the partly frozen stream with its gurgle of delight when it managed to free itself from the ice, added to the merriment.

Suddenly as if struck by an idea, one of the boys leaped from the sled and gathered a handful of snow. He packed it hard and aimed at a group of laughing girls. Evidently his aim was not correct for with a hum it struck one of the horses on the flank with terrific force.

The horse reared, then plunged straight for the river. The girls screamed and turned pale. The boys were petrified with horror. A few moments more and the whole party would be buried in the icy water. Hold! A dark figure hung at the bridle, but the horses, mad with pain and fright, scarcely slackened their pace. The dark figure had disappeared, but the horses stood quivering with their forefeet in the water.

Everyone leaped to the ground to find their rescuer. Back up the road a little way lay a form, a tall, dark form. A second more and it was obscured from view by a group of excited boys and girls. "Who is it? Is he hurt? Is he unconscious?" was all that could be heard for a while, when finally there arose a surprised exclamation, "Robert Boyd!"

Nobody knew how he was got into the sled, but not many moments had elapsed before they found themselves at the doctor's, the broken leg set, and everything going smoothly. The doctor looked thoughtfully at the unconscious boy a moment and inquired, "Who is the lad? What is he like?"

One of the chaperones, a sweet-faced little teacher whom they all loved, answered him: "We can hardly understand the boy. He seems so much above other boys. He has higher ideals, deeper thought and cleaner morals. Just what he was doing out a night like this is more than I know."

"Robert Boyd."

"Boyd!" the doctor fairly roared.

"Y-y-yes," she stammered, "that is it."

He went over to the place where the boy lay and now and then he was heard to mumble something, but his words were indistinct.

The hurt boy soon regained consciousness and the doctor sent everyone home.



EXCALIBUR? 23

stating that he would find help himself. He sent company and word of the accident to Robert's mother, putting it mildly lest the truth be injurious to her poor health.

Early next morning when Robert's leg would not let him sleep, the doctor talked long with him on such subjects as interest boys, finding out in the meantime that which he wanted to know. In the afternoon he said, "Robert, I will be gone for a while, but you will have company," and his eyes danced. And company there surely was, for later in the evening he marched his class.

"How did it happen you were so far from home, Robert?" they asked.

"I had just been to the sawmill for some firewood and thought I would go the river way to pick up material for a theme and I heard you coming."

"You couldn't see us fed mercilessly to the river, could you, Robert?" asked Mary.

"Pooh!" he teased, and there was a twinkle in his eye. "I thought if you were all drowned I would have to do all the reciting at school, and I wasn't fond of the thought." They all laughed at that—no, not all; one did not. It was Elizabeth.

"Hm," she scoffed, "he thinks he's smart because he did something unusual and the class considers him a hero. But I'll venture to say that if he had known what the outcome would have been he wouldn't even have thought of doing such a thing."

All who had heard were turning shocked faces toward her when the door opened and in ran Doctor Randall, breathless and rosy.

"Told you you would have company, didn't I?"

"Yes, and you never said anything truer," was the laughing reply.

"Well, folks, I have a pleasant surprise for all of you, Robert included," Randall exclaimed. "Bet you can't guess it."

"No," they all agreed, they couldn't.

"Well, then, I'll tell you. Robert's mother is my long lost sister and Robert my new found nephew."

There was a silence so intense it hurt. Then someone started the high school yell just for Robert. Then there was one for Doctor Randall.

The doctor felt a lump come into his throat as he looked into the face before him, filled with surprise and mingled with awe and happiness. "But my mother?" he finally found voice to say. "Have you heard how she feels today? Did news of my accident hurt her?"

"She is better now, Bobby, my boy," the doctor answered, brokenly. "So much better I believe she can be healed."

Robert struggled in vain to hide his tears of joy, but his were not the only ones to be hid.

"Some people sure don't know how to take good fortune," sneered Elizabeth. "Look at the cry baby, and a boy at that. Now, Mary Myres, you can't say I never told you he was of no good. To cry, and before his class, too! Ugh!"

Mary turned away and sighed, "Oh, how happy the world would be if we could broaden ourselves enough to understand one another."

MARY KATHERINE GLASS, '26.

PUBLICATIONS





Co-operation

*"Act well your part,
There all the honor lies."*—POPE.



CO-OPERATION is the keystone to success in any of the many, many phases of life. It is therefore plain that it is a big factor in our high school activities. It goes far in building up a high school spirit which is in reality the backbone of the institution. What, then, is high school spirit? A possible definition is that it is the loyal support of every individual in every high school activity. This definition furnishes a tangible goal toward which to work.

The ways of developing school spirit are many. It is built up by participation in athletics, literary and musical events and the other varied activities of the year. Some can help in organizing events, and boost in ticket sales, but everyone can do his share by attending all the games and entertainments. We feel that a great improvement has been made in the school spirit of Van Wert high school this year, but have you "acted well your part" this year? Ask yourself this question.

But the various activities must not overshadow the real purpose for which we are coming to high school. The high school teaches knowledge of theories and practices, but furthermore it builds character. Here, in the true purpose of the school, real co-operation is most needed.

And one learns a valuable lesson in giving this kind of co-operation. Co-operation between the faculty and student body leads to more efficient and more interesting classes. Co-operation of class with class is also indispensable. Each part separate in itself forms a necessary link in the chain.

Every educational institution is a valuable asset to a community and very logically, the better the institution the more valuable it is. Thus as citizens of this community we must feel the responsibility of making our high school as valuable as possible. With this ideal in mind, every one of us can work toward putting Van Wert high school on the map for our own good and the good of the community. "Act well your part" and make the history of Van Wert high school a history of high ideals and noble achievements.

EXCALIBUR '23



1923 Excalibur Staff

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Leo Hamman		Marcile McDonald



Scarlet and Gray

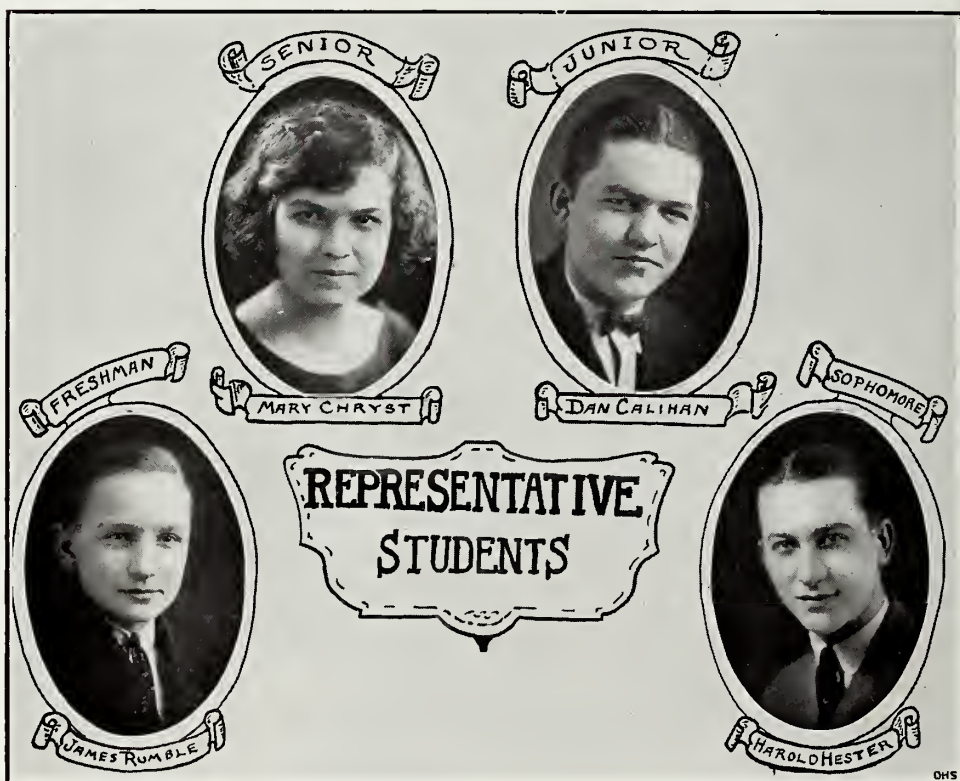
This is the first year in which the Van Wert high school has published the Scarlet and Gray. The newspaper forms one of the most important elements in high school life. It gives the public an idea of the school activities; it brings about a closer unity among the student body, and furnishes excellent practice in editorial work for those who are willing to contribute items for the paper. It should be the earnest desire of every member of the high school for the Scarlet and Gray to become more successful, and prove a credit to Van Wert High.

The members of the Scarlet and Gray staff are:

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	RUTH BONNEWITZ
<i>Assistant Editors</i>	HAROLD HESTER, RUTH CONN
<i>Society Editor</i>	GERALDINE EIKENBERRY
<i>Athletic Editors</i>	EDWIN DAKE, KATHERINE KYLE
<i>Proof Readers</i>	MARGARET WEBER, JOHN JACKSON
<i>Freshman Reporters</i>	JAMES RUMBLE, MARGARET ANN EVANS
<i>Sophomore Reporters</i>	MARCIA PURMORT, MARY LOUISE IRETON
<i>Junior Reporters</i>	VIRGINIA CAMPBELL, ROBERT HINES
<i>Senior Reporters</i>	DALE SMITH, GRACE HARTING



59



Representative Student Contest

The Annual staff presented this year to the high school a Representative Student Contest. The members of each class elected, from their number, one who would best represent them, as one of good standing in his studies and popular with his classmates. The results of this contest were as follows:

Seniors, Mary Chryst; Juniors, Dan Callahan; Sophomores, Harold Hester; Freshmen, James Rumble.



The Community Clearing House

What is the Community Clearing House?

It is an organization to bring into closer relationship the many activities of Van Wert, namely, business, civic, social, and religious.

Haven't we enough organizations already in Van Wert?

We probably have. But this is not just another organization or there would be no reason for its existence. The chief aim of this organization is to help correlate the group life of the community.

When did the Clearing House originate?

During the summer of 1922. On July 19, following three meetings of Van Wert citizens, all largely attended, a representative company assembled at an organization meeting. At this meeting the Community Clearing House came into existence through the adoption of a constitution, the election of E. I. Antrim as president; C. B. Pollock, vice-president, and Miss Hazel Gleason, secretary. The following executive committee was named: E. I. Antrim, H. M. Gee, C. A. L. Purmort, D. J. Gunsett, C. G. Daughters, B. L. Good, L. C. Morgan, J. W. Longwell, and C. S. Fergus.

What are the duties of the executive committee?

To direct in a general way the work of the Community Clearing House.

What was the first step taken by the executive committee?

The careful preparation of a budget for the Clearing House for the first year and the planning of a campaign of education which should culminate in a financial drive, October 18, 1922.

What was the outcome of the financial drive?

In nine hours' time on the day of the drive, one hundred solicitors secured pledges to take care of the work of the Clearing House for one year.

What was the next step of the executive committee?

To make provision for clearing house quarters, employ an office force, and start the work of the organization.

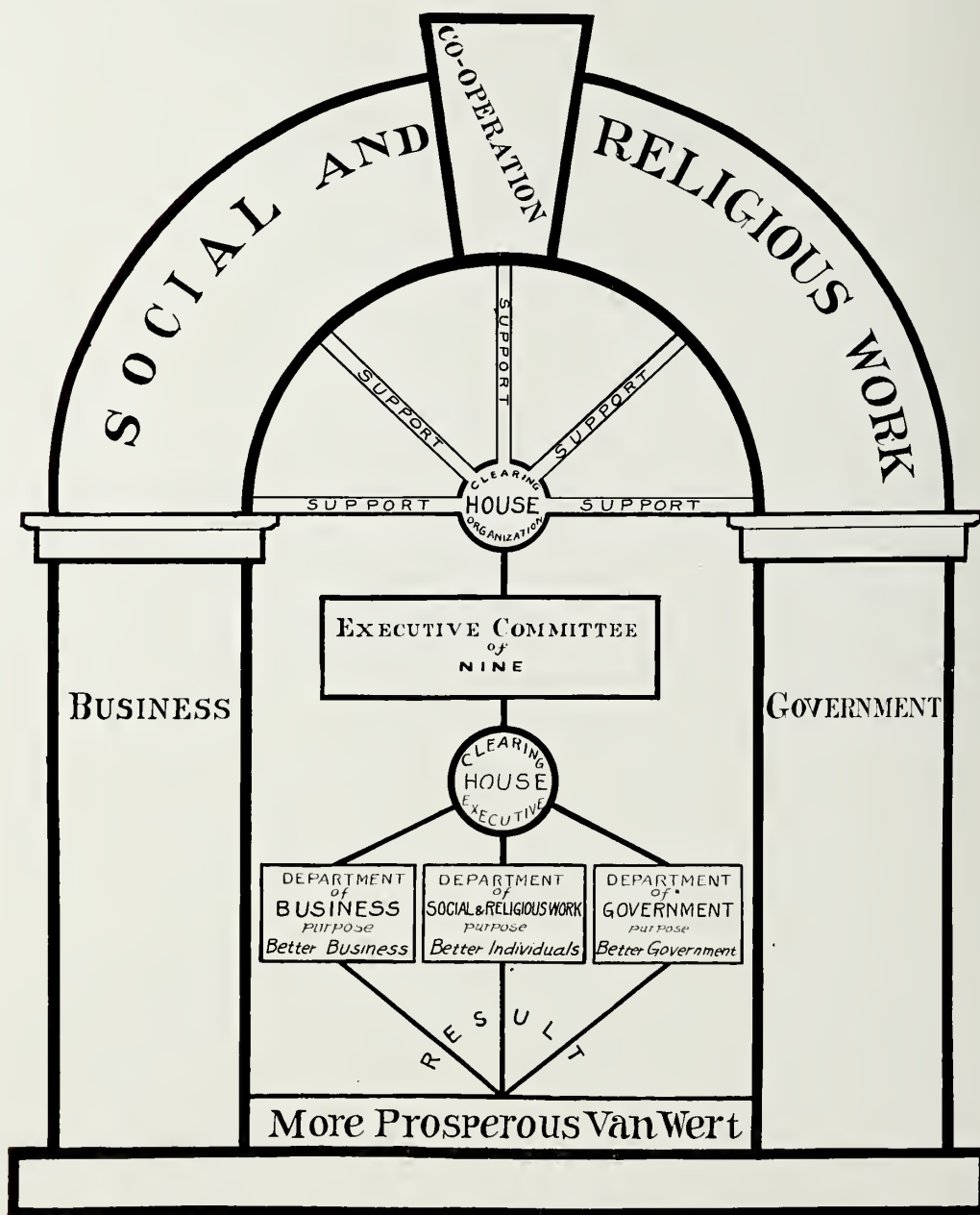
Has all this been done?

Very satisfactory quarters were promptly secured. C. E. Riddel, Mrs. F. W. Purmort, and Miss Thelma Cole were chosen respectively executive secretary, relief and welfare secretary, and stenographer, and a good beginning has been made in the Clearing House program of the year.

Who will assist the Clearing House employees to realize the purposes of the organization?

All of us. Every one of the 8,100 inhabitants of Van Wert can be of service. Our 3180 earners, 2,000 home makers, 2,500 children and young people and 500 aged persons and invalids can, through friendliness, co-operation and participation in community affairs, make Van Wert an ideal place in which to live, own a home and rear

VAN WERT CIVIC ARCH





EXCALIBUR? 23

a family. Will not this end be promoted if we make the Clearing House the center around which the whole life of the community revolves?

How can all Van Wert people help in a definite way?

There are seven major committees: Membership, Publicity, Business and Professional Service, Municipal Service, Social Service, Out-of-Town Relations, and Statistical. Note how inclusive these committees are! Besides, there are many sub-committees. If the time ever comes when all the sub-committees are 100% efficient, there will be hundreds of persons doing Van Wert an important service. When the committee program is fully developed there should not be a single person omitted who is able and willing to do his part.

What place do the schools occupy in the Clearing House program?

A very important one. President Grant once said the schools were the hope of the nation. The stability of America today, in the midst of an unstable world, is largely due to the training for democracy of our public schools. This being true and recognized, the ambition of a community like Van Wert to promote the interests of its schools in every possible way, is understood. The Clearing House desires to place unreservedly its resources at the disposal of our public schools for the sake of a more perfect co-operation in community development, for the sake of a better Van Wert.

What is the one essential to our realizing our fine purposes?

Working harmoniously together. Let us give a concrete case to show what can be done where there is co-operation. Some years ago thousands of our soldier boys were on the Mexican border. At a certain place a fine Y. M. C. A. building had been erected for the convenience of the soldiers. But when things had become settled it was found that the building was a mile from the center of activities and almost useless where it was. The question arose, how to move it to a better place? There was no money to pay for tearing it down and rebuilding it at another location. Finally, some ingenious fellow hit upon the idea of carrying it to a new site. The idea seeming practical, arrangements were made for several hundred men to lift and carry the building, with the result that it was raised from the ground by several hundred men working as one man, and borne easily and quickly to the new site. If Van Wert people, 8,100 strong, emulate the example of these soldier boys, Van Wert has a bright future, with greater prosperity and happiness in prospect. The Community Clearing House of Van Wert will certainly not have been organized in vain if it shall prove to be of service in developing in our community the spirit of co-operation exemplified by our soldier boys on the Mexican border.

*"To every town there openeth
A way, and ways, and A way;
And some towns climb the high way,
And some towns grope the low,
And in between on the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every town there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every town decideth
The way that it will go."*

EXCALIBUR '23





~Music~



EXCALIBUR '23

The Music Department



The Music Department of the Van Wert High School is under the direction of Professor James H. Jones.

The chorus is, of course, the largest musical organization. This year it is one of the biggest and best we have ever had. Every year it furnishes one of the Lyceum numbers. From it, fifty of the best voices are chosen to represent our high school at the Interscholastic Music Contest. The chorus, at various times, furnishes music for the chapel programs.

The harmony and orchestra classes are two other branches of the work. These classes, as the chorus, are open to all students. The orchestra, too, furnishes music for the chapel programs.

April, 1923, will mark the third Eisteddfod for West Central Ohio. This is one of the biggest annual events in music's domain. For the past two years, Van Wert has won the pennant—in 1921 at Lima, and 1922 at Findlay. This year the Eisteddfod will be held at Van Wert. We are looking forward to it with great anticipation for we are entering most of the numbers offered for competition, and are hoping to win high honors and another pennant.



EXCALIBUR? 23



Orchestra

December 15, 1922, the High School Chorus, consisting of one hundred voices, presented, with the reader, Miss Jean Macdonald, the following Lyceum number under the able direction of Professor James H. Jones:

- I. (a) "Blow Ye Gentle Breezes" *J. Christopher Marks*
 (b) "The Merry Heart" *Luigi Denzi*
 (c) "Questions" *I. H. Meredith*

THE HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS
- II. Reading by MISS MACDONALD
- III. (a) "Song of Spring" *Arthur Pearson*
 (b) "Holy Night" *Adolph Adam*
 (c) "New American Hymn" *Wm. T. Soulee*

THE CHORUS
- IV. Violin Solo, EUGENE WILSON
- V. Reading by MISS MACDONALD
- VI. (a) "The Old Folks at Home" *Stephen C. Foster*
 (b) "The Mill Stream" *Ludwig van Beethoven*
 (c) "Down in the Dewy Dell" *Henry Smart*

GIRL'S GLEE CLUB
- VII. Piano Selection for Eight Hands. Galop de Concert, Op. 10. *L. Milde*
 FERN FUGATE, MARCIA PURMORT, MARY GREENWALD, MARY LOUISE IRETON
- VIII. Reading by MISS MACDONALD
- IX. (a) "Hiawatha's Journey" *IRA B. WILSON*
 (b) "When de Bano Plays" *IRA B. WILSON*

EXCALIBUR? 23

Prize High School Song for 1923



(Tune—Boola, Boola)

If you ever went to Van Wert Hi,
You can sing, "How I love her," till you die.
If you failed or passed in the Van Wert Hi,
You can sing "How I loved her days gone by."
Each boy and girl who has gone here,
All say she is most dear.
We all work and play
Thru' the live long day,
As we sing this, our little high school lay:

Chorus:

Van Wert High School,
How we love you,
For your treasures,
And your pleasures;
We'll stand by you
Thru' the ages,
While we sing our high school lay.

If you want to go to a school with "pep,"
Come and join us boys and girls at Van Wert Hi;
If you like to play after work each day,
Link your arm with the arm of Van Wert Hi;
We have our good times every day,
In study, work, and play;
We put first things first, we put last things last,
Just a rule quite efficient in the past.

Chorus:

MARY GREENEWALD, '23.





"Come Out of the Kitchen"

A Comedy in Three Acts

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Paul Dangerfield, alias Smithfield	Leo Hamman
Charley Dangerfield, alias Brindlebury	Leo Wertz
Elizabeth Dangerfield, alias Araminta	Harriet Wise
Olivia Dangerfield, alias Jane Ellen	Louise Giffin
Amanda, Olivia's Black Mammy	Nellie Kirkland
Randolph Weeks, Agent of the Dangerfields	Robert Rucklos
Burton Crane, from the North	Ward Glover
Mrs. Faulkner, Tucker's Sister	Wanda Leiter
Cora Faulkner, Her Daughter	Katherine Kyle
Solon Tucker, Crane's Attorney and Guest	Edwin Dake
Thomas Lefferts, Statistical Poet	Glenn Angevine

Stage Managers: Harold Bowers, Robert Hawkins
 Property Manager

Fred Feber

Student Manager

Robert Rucklos

Time—The Present.

Place—The Dangerfield Mansion in Virginia.



EXCALIBUR? 23

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- Act. I. Drawing-room of the Dangerfield mansion.
Act. II. The kitchen—afternoon—two days later.
Act. III. The dining-room—just before dinner on the same day.

With father and mother abroad fighting for father's health, and with no prospects of money, the Dangerfield children are forced to rent the old family mansion in Virginia and become servants in their once prosperous home, Charley as the horse boy, Paul the butler, Bess the maid, and Olivia the cook. Burton Crane, young New York millionaire, arrives with his attorney, Solon Tucker, the aristocratic Mrs. Faulkner, and her daughter, Cora. Then the fun commences.

Mrs. Faulkner tries to put the staff of servants through their paces and leaves the house at a hot pace herself. The cook is uncommonly beautiful and the scene of action shifts to the kitchen. Weeks, the agent of the family, kisses the cook and leaves the kitchen by express. Tucker tries the same and succeeds in kissing the stove. Lefferts, of poetic soul, follows suit, but his enraptured soul is forced to take refuge with Mandy, the old negro mammy, in the cupboard.

The excitement ran too high for Crane; he dismisses guest and servants—all but the cook. But the excitement proves too much for him; he too succumbs to the kitchen and asks Olivia to "come out of the kitchen" and become his cook for life.

Music for the between-acts entertainment was as follows:

1. Duet, Misses Lillian and Thelma Jones.
2. Bass Solo, Mr. E. C. Humphreys.
3. Ladies' Quartet, Mesdames Miller English and True Felger, and Misses Mae Wassenberg and Stella Germann.
4. Duet, Miss Hazel Gleason and Mr. Robert Moore.



Lyceum Course

The rendition of "Peaceful Valley" by Phidelah Rice, a Boston playreader, marked the close of a successful Lyceum season.

Mr. Bowland, who is in charge of the course, each year attempts to procure the best possible talent for our entertainment.

Among the numbers on next year's course are: the Vivian Players, who will present "Six Cylinder Love"; the Fenwick-Newell Concert Company, composed of a tenor, soprano, violinist, and pianist; Mr. Edwin Whitney, playreader; the High School number, assisted by Sam Platt Jones, a humorist. For the last number, it is planned to have a lecture by some man in public life upon the problems of the day.

EXCALIBUR? 23



Literary-Music Contest

Instead of the usual High School Oratorical Contest, a Literary-Music Contest was held at the High School Auditorium, Friday evening, March 23. Local business men contributed the prizes, while the proceeds of the contest were given to the Athletic Association.

A list of the contests and the winners in each follows:

Alto solo, "My Ain Folk".....Mary Louise Ireton.

Debate, "Resolved, that the City of Van Wert
should own and operate its own light and
gas plants".....Negatives—Luther Ogg, Mary Chryst;
alternate, Mary Louise Ireton.

Spelling.....Grace Richey.

Trio, "The Swing Song".....Nellie Kirkland, Elizabeth Klein,
Lillian Benson.

Oration, "Theodore Roosevelt".....Edwin Dake.

Reading, "How Did You Die".....Vivian North.

Soprano solo, "Until".....Nellie Kirkland.



Y-Hi Club

The Y-Hi, which was formed three years ago, is a Y. W. C. A. club for high school girls. The club has finished a successful year under the direction of Miss Carmody, Mrs. Collins, and the following officers: president, Mary Chryst; vice-president, Jack Farman; secretary, Marcella Dickinson, and treasurer, Erma Gunsette. The activities of the Y-Hi were numerous; among them the benefit movie, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the Easter market, and an assembly program.

This year's programs were worked out in a slightly different manner than formerly, including a Question Box Meeting, an Ideal Girl Meeting, a Christmas Kid Party, and a Colonial Tea. The World Fellowship Meeting, which is always full of interest, gave us ideas of the customs, costumes and girls of Russia, France, Spain and Japan, and a pageant, "Prayers of Girls of the World," was given. During Lent a series of Bible meetings was carried on. Under the leadership of Miss Schriener, we gained much help from everyday topics of great importance.

The whole thought of the work of the girls is summed up in their purpose:

Y-ield to Christian ideals;

W-in other girls to its membership;

C-reate a spirit of true fellowship and responsibility among high school girls;

A-ct willingly.

RUTH BONNEWITZ.

Junior Hi-Y

The Junior Hi-Y was reorganized at the beginning of this school year. The president, Harold Hester, and the secretary, Vernon Duckwall, were elected last year by the outgoing members of the club. E. G. Thatcher was the adviser and helper, while Robert T. Moore succeeded John W. Smith in the position of club leader.

With the valuable aid of Mr. Thatcher the club secured small triangular shaped pins, red and white in color, for the members.



A series of meetings was held during the year with talks by Mr. Thatcher and the discussion of the club's business.

Although the Junior Hi-Y was not as big a success as it will be in later years, we sincerely believe that, once out of its infancy, the club will prove a valuable asset to the school.

The Prom

The Junior-Senior Prom was held in the gymnasium of the Central Building on the evening of May 24, 1922.

The gymnasium was very artistically decorated a la Dutch. The color scheme was lavender, gold and white, the junior and senior class colors. Strands of crepe paper were draped from the four corners of the room to its center, where a large windmill stood. All around the walls were small latticed, garden-like inclosures, covered on the outside with foliage. In each of these inclosures was a small table and chairs for the guests. At the west or farther end of the room was a platform upon which could be seen the various pieces of furniture required for the playlet which was to be given later in the evening.

Looking down upon the fast gathering crowd of young people, it was a beautiful sight. The girls were dressed in frocks of almost every color and description, while the "fellows" wore suits of light, dark, or mixed materials. It was truly youth in its gayest mood.

Shortly after the majority of the classmen had assembled, the program began. The first number was the welcome address and the response, given by the presidents of the respective classes. Immediately following a clever little comedy entitled "The Queen of Hearts" was given. A vocal duet was pleasingly rendered, after which we were permitted to gain a few glimpses of some of the seniors through the "Eulograms."

Just at this time came the part of the evening which everyone secretly anticipates—the lunch. It was indeed delicious and dainty, with its long Dutch names, and its quaint little Dutch maidens with their baskets filled with Jumbo peanuts, as favors. While we were enjoying this "repast," Julia Morgan, dressed in the frock of a little Dutch girl, danced for us.

The second part of the program was given over to dancing and we danced until "two o'clock in the morning."

All in all, the Prom proved a great success and we can say (with all the preceding and succeeding classes) that our Prom was indeed the best one ever given.

Penny Fair

"Cin we go, too?" chimed two small voices as mother told Helen that she might attend the Penny Fair. Mother demurred at first but when Jimmy, aged nine, and Mary, eleven, promised faithfully to save their pennies for the Penny Fair to be given by the members of the Class of '22 of the Van Wert High School, she told them they could go.

Bright and early on Friday evening, December 8, '22, they scampered into the

EXCALIBUR? 23

Third Ward Building with shining eyes and pennies clasped in their moist little hands. O, what a good time they had! They went into "Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe," saw the picture show, the "smallest lady on earth," the "only red bat in existence," the "Light That Failed" (which looked suspiciously like the broken light bulb which Jimmy had seen on the closet shelf) and heard the radio; they were even arrested by the ferocious looking cop (none other than our Ed Dake) and dragged before the woman-hating judge (Mike Deal).

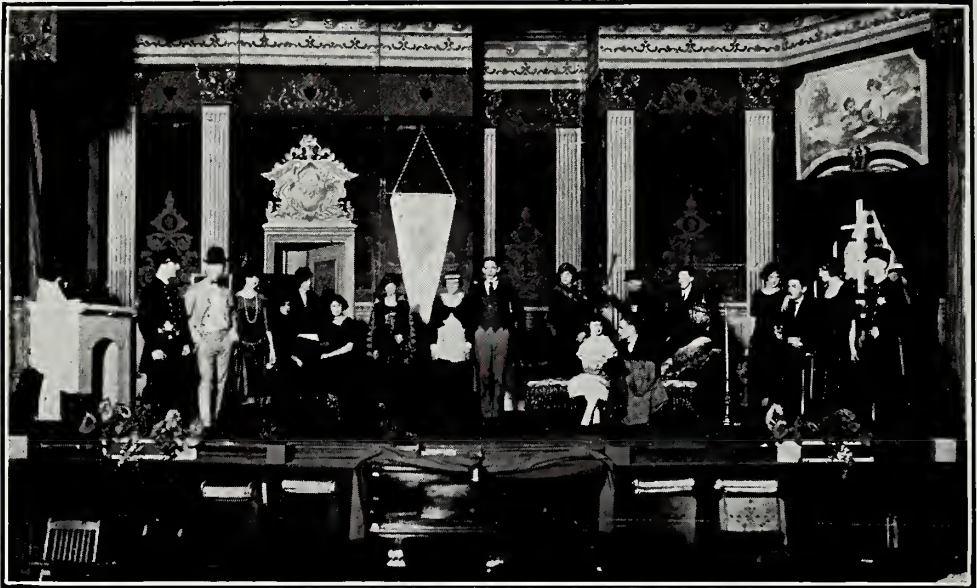
They were a bit overawed by the occult prophecies received at the fortune teller's, and also by the wonders worked by the great magician. Too, they had great fun writing notes to each other and getting mail through the Post Office. Jimmy manfully assured frightened Mary that Bill and Angy didn't really hurt each other in the athletic show.

They debated at great length whether they should spend their remaining pennies to see "For Men Only" (or, as it was for Mary, "For Women Only") or whether they should buy a sandwich and some soup. Of course they decided in favor of the latter as little kiddies always do, and after that, they were ready for the big play in the study hall "What Can We Do With Aunt Sally?"

Then it was that two tired, but happy youngsters, trudged home behind sister Helen 'n her "fella" and they agreed that they had had the "bestest" time ever.



EXCALIBUR '23



Junior Class Play

The second annual Junior Class Play was given by the Class of '24 at the Strand February 26, 1923. The title of the play was:

"A FULL HOUSE"

Time—The Present

Place—Mrs. Fleming's Apartment, New York City

CHARACTERS

Parks, an English servant	Robert Gunn
Susie, from Sioux City, a maid	Bernice Blake
Attily Howell, a bride	Virginia Campbell
Mrs. Winnecker, the aunt	Margaret Webber
Daphne Charters, Ottily's sister	Helen Spayd
Nicholas King, a stranger	Arthur Lybarger
Ned Pembroke, Jr., an only son	Robert Hines
George Howell, a bridegroom	Dan Calihan
Dougherty, a police sergeant	John Jackson
Jim Mooney, a policeman	Richard Priddy
Clancy, another	Norman Conn
Mrs. Fleming, owner of apartment	Clara Johnson
Vera Vernon, a show girl	Jerry Eikenberry
Mrs. Pembroke, from Boston	Edith Palmer



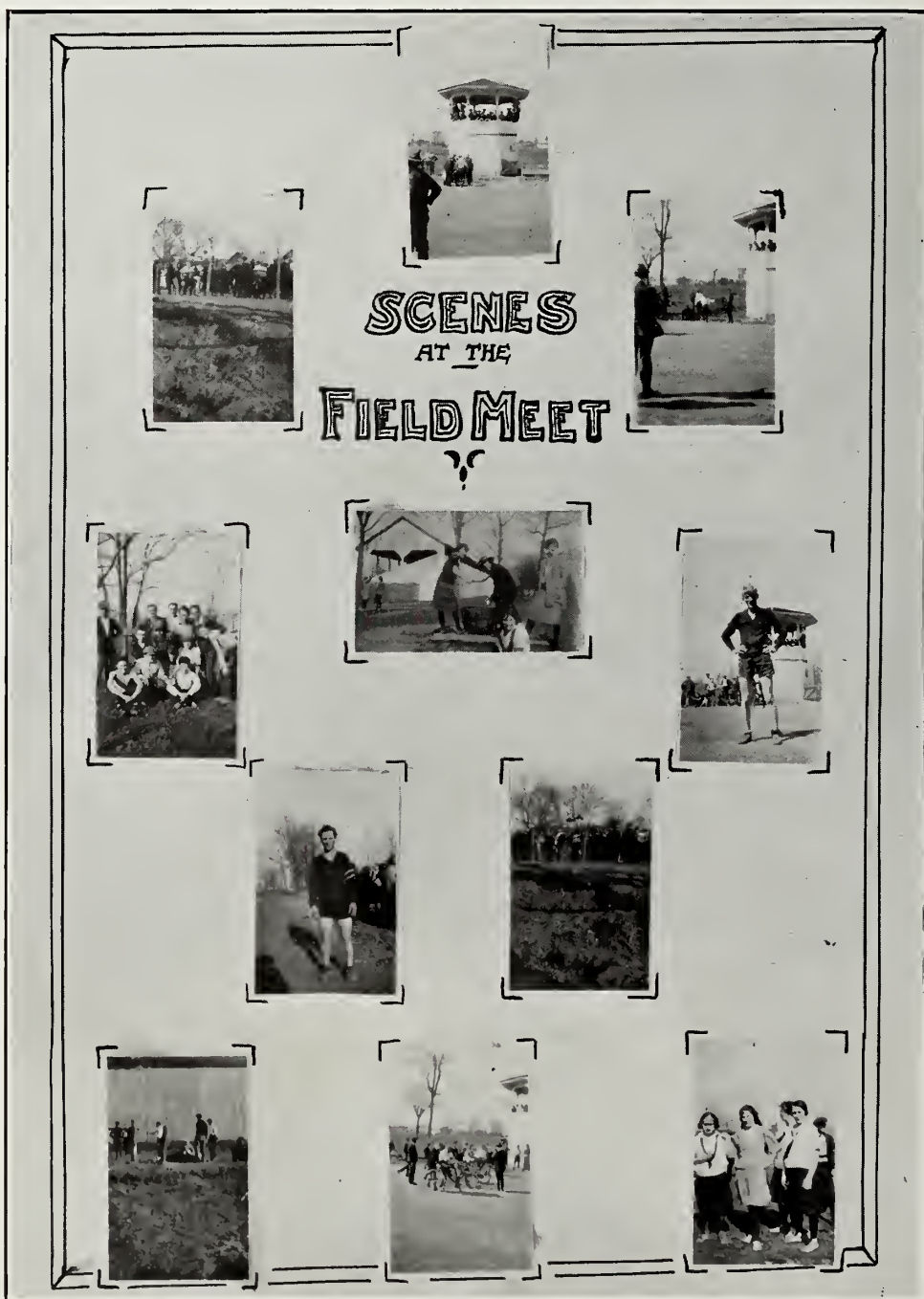
Hi-Y Club

This year the Hi-Y is forging toward the front in the religious work set forth by the Y. M. C. A. more than ever before. In other years this side of the Hi-Y work has been neglected and hardly touched on.

The first meeting was held September 26 at the Y. M. C. A. There were only four men to work with. The officers were Leo Werts, president; Robert Rucklos, treasurer. and Miles Deal, secretary. The leaders for the year were selected. Secretary Thatcher was the leader from the Y. M. C. A.. Mr. Cotner was selected to represent the school and Reverend Snyder was selected to lead the Bible study.

MILES DEAL.

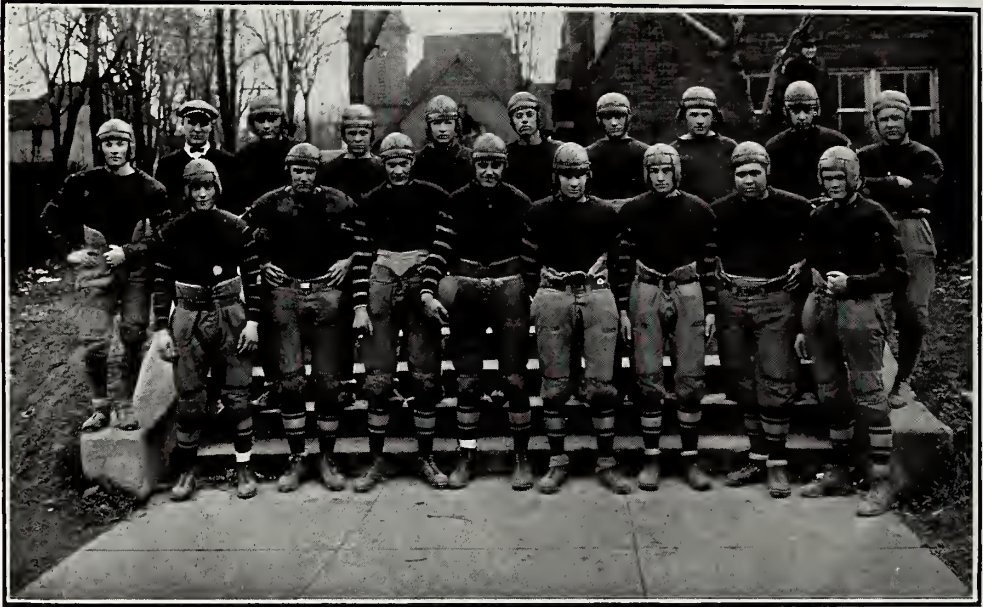
EXCALIBUR '23



ATHLETICS



EXCALIBUR '23



A Brief Resume of the Football Season

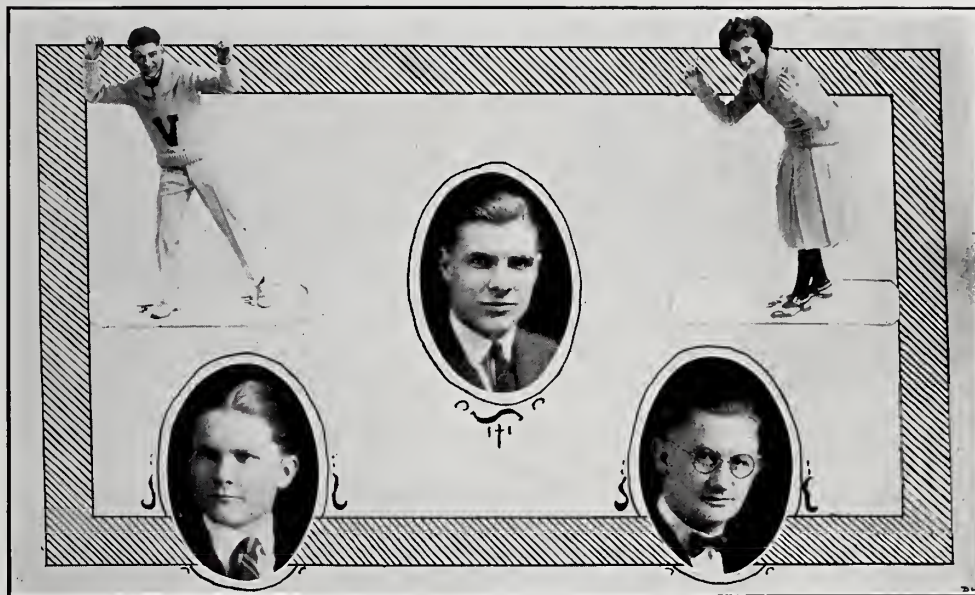
On the afternoon of the first day of school, a new coach and about forty stocky youngsters were gathered in the high school dressing room to start football for 1923 on its way.

Most of the forty were inexperienced boys, who never before had donned a football uniform. Besides this, Mr. Moore, the coach, was entirely new to the squad. It took quite a while for the boys to obtain football experience, and assimilate the ideas of the new coach. So half of the season was gone before we had a good team whipped into shape.

It isn't how you begin a thing that counts—it is the way you end it. Although our boys lost most of the games at the first of the season, you must take into consideration that they were mainly a green bunch of fellows, with only a few seasoned veterans from the former year. But when the team had had time to get experience, and to act out the teachings of the coach, we found that our local eleven wasn't so bad after all. They took the last three games in great style, beating the Alumni (who administered such a drubbing to last year's eleven) 20 to 0.

We are well pleased with Coach Moore. We know that given a little time, he can turn out a strong grid team. We sincerely hope that he will be with us next year, for we are assured that he will make it a successful one in football.

EXCALIBUR '23



HAROLD BOWERS

Assistant Cheer Leader.

Although "Curly" is the smallest fellow we have in the senior class, he had a mighty voice which he put to good advantage by helping lead the rooting sectors in the cheering.

"Curly"

HARRIET WISE

Cheer Leader.

Whenever one of our teams was in action you could always find Harriet there leading the yells and keeping up the school spirit. She is one of the peppiest girls in the H. S., and proved this time and time again by her constant support of school activities.

"Wise"

COACH MOORE

"Pug"

This is Coach Moore's first year to have charge of the athletic activities of Van Wert High School. He is well experienced in athletics, having made college teams in football, basket ball, and baseball. His services have been well appreciated by the school, and we hope he will be back again next year.

LEO WERTS, Student Manager

Leo had personal charge of the athletic equipment. He saw that all the players were supplied with everything they needed and that none of the supplies were lost. We well appreciate his services in behalf of the interests of his High School.

MANAGER SPEITH

For the last two years Mr. Speith has had charge of the athletic finances and supplies of the High School. He has the interests of the various teams at heart, and his assistance has aided our athletics very much.

EXCALIBUR' 23

Football Men

CAPTAIN JOHN ECKENSTEIN

Captain this year and captain-elect for next year, we can say that "Ecky" is one of the mainstays of the team. He played a hard game all year at fullback. He is also our star punter. If you did not see him tear through the line when we played against Wapakoneta, you missed something. We are certain that he will captain a victorious team next year.

FRED FEBER

This is Fred's first year at football. He held down the right tackle position and was very good at tearing holes in the opponent's line. He was also a good defensive man. This is his last year.

ROBERT FAWCETT

If "Spigot" was the baby of the team in years, he wasn't in size, and earned his letter this year along with the rest of 'em. He was one of the best trainers on the team and could always be counted on to do his part. He played left tackle. By the way! This youngster is only a Sophomore, watch him go!

NORMAN CONN

Connie played halfback this season. He could carry the ball through the line as well as anyone and he was our drop-kicker and forward passer. He still has another year to play for V. W. H. S.

ROBERT HINES

At the start of the season "Bob" was given the quarterback's job, but later on he was put at center. Although light he played a good game and was especially good on the defensive. He will be with us again next year.



EXCALIBUR '23



D.H.S.

ARTHUR LYBARGER

At the first of the year Sheda played halfback, but later he was shifted to the pilot position where he performed very creditably. He was a quick thinker and rarely made a mistake. He will again "call the signals" next year.

FRANK SIPLES

This is "Sipe's" second year on the gridiron. At the beginning of the season he played tackle, but later Coach Moore changed him to halfback. He was a good line plunger and a fast runner. He will play one more year for V. W. H. S.

JOHN CRAMER

This was Cramer's first lettered year, and we are sorry that it shall also be his last, for he graduates this spring. He was the largest man on the team and he surely made Big Bill of Decatur look sick. He played at guard and held down his position very creditably.

EDWIN DAKE

This was "Ed's" first year of football at Van Wert Hi. He played at left guard all season and was one of the best trainers on the team. He played his best game against Defiance. He graduates this spring.

ROBERT GUNN

"Boom" played at end. He was especially good on the defensive and he could nab the pigskin out of the air as if he had been born to do that sort of thing. He was quick on his feet and not many men with the ball got past him without getting tackled. He also will be on the team next year.

NEIL GAMBLE

Neil always could be found at left end. He was good at catching passes and made many gains and several touchdowns from forward passes this year. This is his last year to play for his high school.



Basket Ball Review

The first Monday evening after our final football game, about thirty fellows reported in the gym for their initial basket ball practice. Among those were three veterans of former years—Eckenstein, Lybarger and Conn. The other twenty-seven were (green) inexperienced youngsters who were beginning to try their basket ball wings.

Coach Moore had only nine days to pick a team and send it through its paces before the opening game with Ridge, December 13. The boys practiced hard but they were easily defeated 21 to 3 by the Ridge team, which had been preparing for this contest ever since October.

After another week's practice, our boys began to show some basket ball form. On December 22 the big Lima South five invaded Van Wert territory, expecting an easy victory, but they were sent home, much to their surprise and the joy of Van Wert rooters, on the short end of a 27 to 13 score.

On January 2 Ridge came here to play a return game. The visiting team was highly confident, but the locals again stepped out and knocked them off for a 17 to 9 count.

Ridge challenged Van Wert to a third game on a neutral floor. The challenge was accepted and in a hard fought game, played at the York High School on January 10, Ridge luckily won by a two point margin, 9 to 7.

The following Friday, January 12, the locals journeyed to Lima to play South High School. Our boys were hampered by a small, strange floor which was not regulation in any way, and they fell before Lima's onslaught for a 20 to 6 count.

On January 19 the local crew met Bryan here. The game was close and hotly contested, but Bryan came out the winner 23 to 20.

The local five journeyed to Paulding on January 26. Our boys must have liked the place, for they came home victors, 28 to 24, after playing an overtime game.

On February 2 the strong Ada team visited Van Wert. Although our lads put up a good fight they were defeated 20 to 13.

Pauling took another crack at Van Wert on February 9. Our team left no doubt in their opponents' minds as to which was the superior, for Paulding was beaten decisively, 17 to 10.

The following Friday, February 16, the fast Monroe, Indiana, team came to Van Wert. Fawcett and Agler, two of our regular players, were out of the game on account of sickness. This enabled Monroe to beat us by the one-sided score of 38 to 7.

On the twenty-third of February the team went to Ada. Although the locals held their opponents to the lowest score that Ada has made this year, they were unable to win. The score was 16 to 8.

On March 2 the locals journeyed up to Defiance to enter in the district tournament. In the first game Ottawa was easily defeated, 21 to 9. The next day, however, the locals fell before the strong Defiance team for a 10 to 3 count.

Basket Ball Men

ARTHUR LYBARGER (Captain)

"Art" held down the guard position all season. He seemed to play better in a losing game than in one in which he was winning. This is his second letter year in basket ball. He still has another season to play for V. W. H. S.

LELAND AGLER (Captain-Elect)

"Rosie," though out of a couple of games this year on account of sickness, was one of the mainstays of the team. Whenever he played he was always in the thick of things, and we can say that he had a good eye for the basket. Say, he is only a sophomore. Watch him pilot next year's team to victory.

ROBERT GUNN

"Boom" played forward and was going good until the doctor unfortunately discovered that he had a bad heart. That ended basket ball for him this year, but he had played enough to win a letter. We hope that he will be able to try for the team next season.

ROBERT FAWCETT

At the tip off "Spicket" played center, but after that he changed places with Eckenstein at guard. He displayed much ability at this position and should prove a valuable asset to the next year's team. He is only a sophomore this year. Keep your eye on him.



EXCALIBUR? 23



JOHN ECKENSTEIN

This was also "Eckie's" second year on the team. He was the fastest man we had. Much credit is due him for the games won this season. He will be with us again next year.

NORMAN CONN

This is "Connie's" first year at forward, having played guard last year. He soon got accustomed to his new position and turned out to be one of our best players. He is a fighter from start to finish. He is a junior.

FRANK SIPLES

This is "Sipe's" first year to earn a basket ball letter. He was a fighter from the initial tossup to the end of the game. He should make a good guard next year.



Basket Ball Girls

KATHERINE KYLE (Captain)

"Katy," senior, played forward, and was "right there" whenever she was needed. She played a good clean game all through the season, and will be missed next year.

RUTH STEINMITZ (Captain-Elect)

"Ruth," junior, played guard throughout the entire season. She was a valuable player and no doubt will continue her good work next year.

MARCILE McDONALD

Marcile, senior, played forward. Not many had the knack of putting 'em through the basket like she had. Her place on the team will be missed next year.

IRENE SMITH

Irene, senior, played guard with Ruth. She was quick on her feet and very seldom let her opponent land a ball in the basket. She is a valuable player to lose.

MYRL TERPENING

Myrl, senior, jumping center. She always did her best at getting the jump on the other center. Myrl was a faithful player and it is too bad that this is her last year.

MONTEZ RAVER

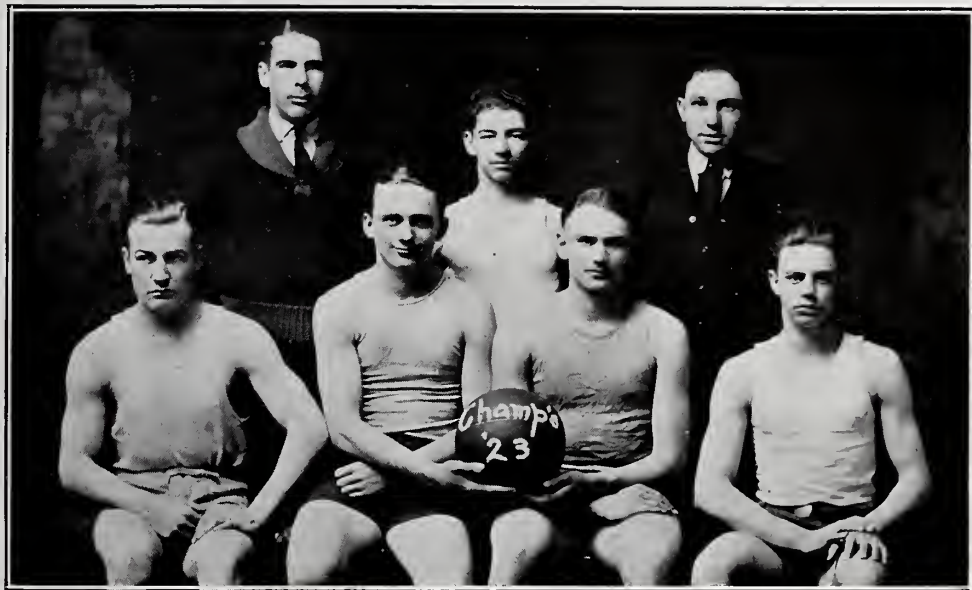
Montez, sophomore, running center. Montez was always on the dot, rescuing the ball from her opponent (even if she had to hug them). She has two more years to show her ability in basket ball.

Interclass Basket Ball



Scores for Girls' Games

Ridge	48	Van Wert	15
Ridge	22	Van Wert	5
Convoy	28	Van Wert	20
Ohio City	16	Van Wert	17
Paulding	10	Van Wert	9
Ohio City	24	Van Wert	19
Ada	17	Van Wert	28
Paulding	6	Van Wert	13
Monroe	9	Van Wert	25
Ada	19	Van Wert	18
Convoy	11	Van Wert	17
<hr/>		<hr/>	
210		186	



Senior Boys Team

After beating both the Sophomores and the Juniors, the Senior basket ball team looked to be the champions. Then the little Freshman five upset the dope by knocking off the grads for a big score. They tied the Sophs with the Seniors, who in a championship game beat the second year students 24-22 in a last minute rally.

Football Scores

Hicksville	26	Van Wert	0
Lima Central	20	Van Wert	0
Delphos	6	Van Wert	12
Decatur	41	Van Wert	0
Defiance	20	Van Wert	6
Lima South	57	Van Wert	6
Delphos	19	Van Wert	12
Bluffton	0	Van Wert	7
Wapakaneta	6	Van Wert	12
Alumni	0	Van Wert	20

EXCALIBUR? 23

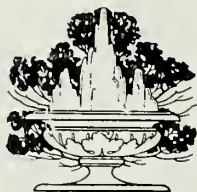


Baseball Review

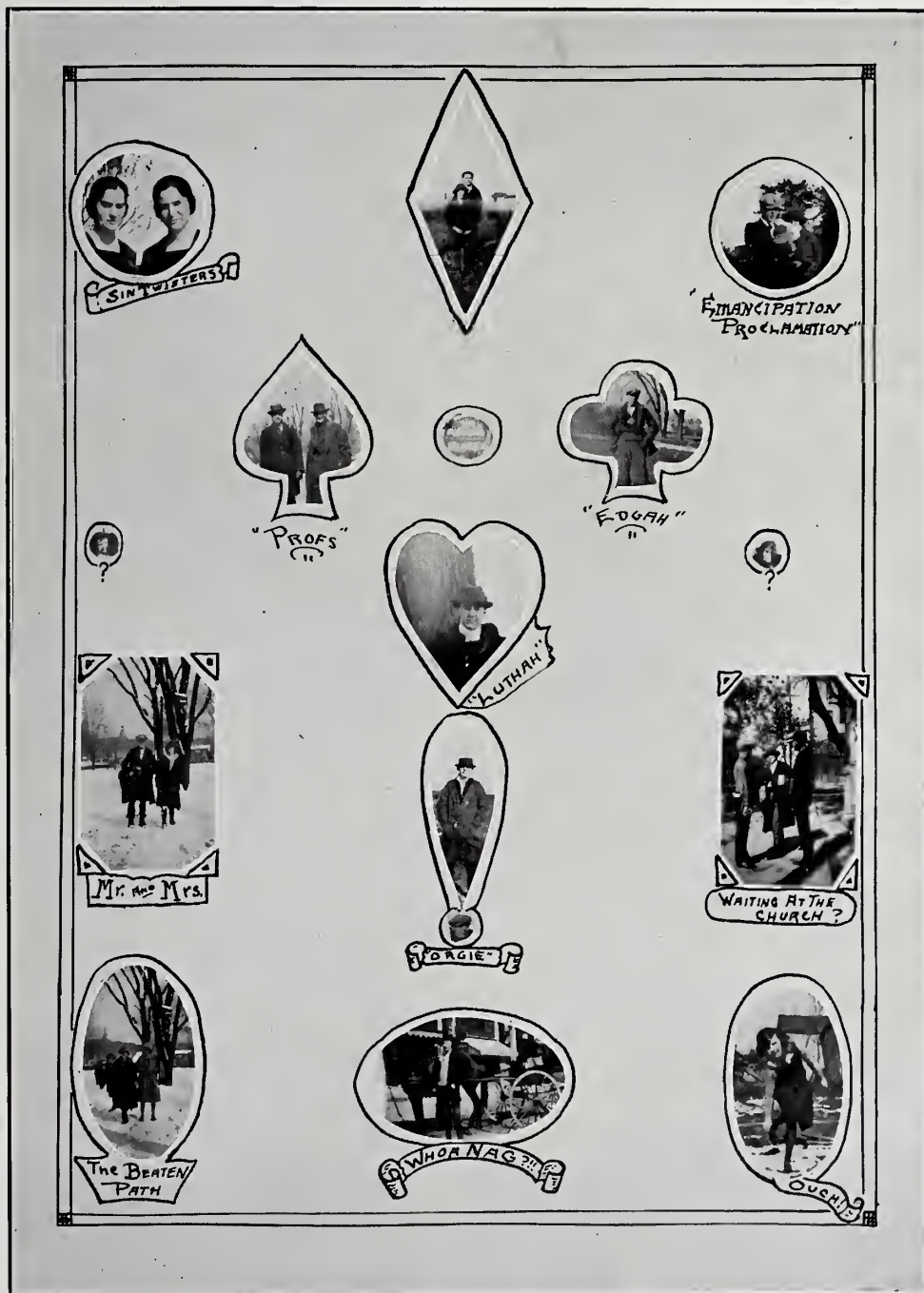
With most of our last year's men back again this season, the chances for a good baseball team looked fairly good. Thanks to the efforts of Manager Speith the team wore new uniforms of scarlet and grey and they looked spiffy. All the games have not yet been played, but here is the schedule:

April 6—Convoy here.
April 13—Convoy there.
April 20—Paulding here.
April 28—Delphos there.

May 4—Delphos here.
May 11—Paulding there.
May 18—Open.



EXCALIBUR '23





Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 11—Looks about as it always did around here—plus our new principal and some good looking additions to the faculty. Prof. Menschel introduces himself—we know we'll like him.
- 12—Oh, ye Freshmen!
- 13—Senior class organized.
- 14—General rearrangement of seats in assembly hall.
- 18—Ham, Butch and Feber indulge in Honest Scrap in American History class during Mr. Bowland's absence.
- 19—Butch falls over Harriet's feet in study period.
- 20—Excalibur officers elected. Plans made for Senior party. Leo W. suggests that the boys bring "something in bottles."
- 21—"Sons of David" in town for baseball game—all the ball fans are absent.
- 22—Chapel.
Vocal solo—Edith Palmer.
Piano solo—Marcia Purmort.
Mr. Spieth opens sale of athletic tickets.
Mr. Lee R. Bonnewitz gives interesting talk on his trip abroad.
Seniors' hayrack party. Three or four unusually good long-distance walkers are discovered.
- 25—"Them new rules and regulations!"
- 26—Mr. A. R. Coates, of South America, delivers an interesting and instructive talk on conditions and customs in that country.
- 27—First meeting of Excalibur staff.
- 28—Harold B. makes his "debut" as assistant cheer-leader. Big pep meeting.
- 29—First football game of season. Have you a little dime in your pocket?—Then buy a V-Hi megaphone.

OCTOBER

- 2—Dale North (in Am. History): "The Connecticut river was so fertile that Hooker stopped there and began the settlement of Connecticut."
- 2—O-o-o-o-h! Annabel has a crush on one of the new boys!
And just listen to this one! "Last night several of our dignified Seniors staidly making their way home met our most *Athletic* coach, who was being *chased* by our most *Domestic* teacher with a broom!"
Oh, yes, and who was it that *almost* eloped in a "Michigan Chariot," but didn't?
- 4—W. G. Cartlick gives short talk to high school.
- 5—Mrs. Rule (in bookkeeping class): "Well, we're not all here this morning, are we?"
- 6—Freshmen present chapel program:
Four songs—Freshman chorus.
Piano solo—Margaret Ann Evans.
Vocal solo—Julia Poe.
Violin solo—Rachael Young.
Reading—Vivian North.
Sophs enjoy (?) hayrack party—oh, it was horrid—there wasn't enough to eat and it rained something awful. And poor Mr. Sager!—it'll tax him \$.50 to have his suit pressed—and lots more for another marcel. We suggest that the Sophs take a collection for the relief of his pecuniary difficulties.
- 9—Study hall—seventh period—Mr. Moore tells us that we birds over here in this corner sound like a bunch of zebras.
Fire prevention day. Mr. Cotner gives instructive lecture on the "Chemistry of Fire"—incidentally informing us that the time to bid



EXCALIBUR? 23

farewells to ourselves is when we run the motors of our automobiles while the doors of our garages are closed.

- 13—Mr. Antrim explains Community Clearing House to us. Ruth Bonnewitz's cat acting as mascot brings us good luck—our team goes to Delphos and defeats them 12-6.
- 19—Spelling contest—*Four* 100's in the Senior class.
- 20—Chapel.
Vocal solo—Miss Myra Webber.
Address—Mr. Bowland.
Musical performance—Fred Palmer.
Piano solo—Grace Duprey.
- 23—Dost thou question these sighs and tears? Hark!—'tis the grade cards.
- 24—"Boom" Gunn heroically removes kitten from study room.
- 27—390 masked high school students win \$15.00 prize in Fall Festival parade. Whoopie!
- 30—Mr. Speith presented with aforementioned prize for Athletic Association.
- 31—Bob Hines dedicates two pennants (via Coach Moore) to the beautification of the dressing room.

NOVEMBER

- 3—Chapel.
Song—Sec. 1—Chorus.
Vocal solo—Robert Hines.
Vocal solo—Frank Siples.
Piano solo—Mary Ellen Sheley.
Reading—Helen Spayd.
Vocal duet—Edith and Fred Palmer.
- 5—Why are Cotner and Collins behind that newspaper in the hall? Election returns—of course!
- 6—Mr. Bowland sends Fred Feber for fly-paper.
- 9—Splendid address by Mr. Donald Smith on his sojourn in Europe.
- 10—Junior-Senior party.
- 13—Mr. Bowland rescues a turtle from

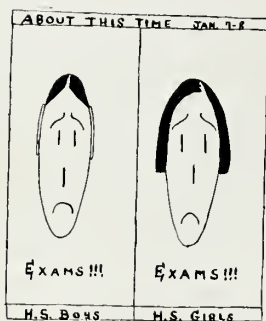
the study room and returns it to the creek.

- 16—"Student Frick" gazes soulfully at his beloved's photo—all morning.
- 20—First snow!!
- 21—Vain hopes for holiday—H₂O supply cut off.
- 22—Speech to Freshmen (privately), also to other classes about "little white cards," loitering in halls, etc.
- 23—Miss Hall: "Explain this—"The cloudy messenger turned me his back'." Fred F.: "I don't know what it would be—unless he was a colored fellow."
- 27—Why doesn't someone do something original? Freshman and Senior books *misplaced*.
- 29—Rushed through four periods this P. M. in order to have a half hour program and get dismissed at three bells.

DECEMBER

- 1—Peewee F. "Sam, what is the most nervous thing in the world—next to a girl?"
Sammy L.: "Me—next to a girl."
- 6—From Freshman general science paper: "Nimbus—a cloud from which perspiration is falling in the form of snow or rain."
- 8—Come one! Come all! Patronize the Penny Fair! Senior chapel program, "Moonshine," a farce in one act, featuring Robert Rucklos and Leo Werts.
- 12—Unexpected short periods! Teachers' meeting.
- 14—First basket ball game, out at Ridge.
- 18—Mrs. Collins (in Latin class): "Cases, Marcia, how many?"
Marcia P. (blushing): "Five."
- 20—Kid party.
- 22—Merry Christmas!
Christmas program—
Reading, "The Other Wise Man,"
Virginia Campbell, Mary Chryst.

EXCALIBUR '23



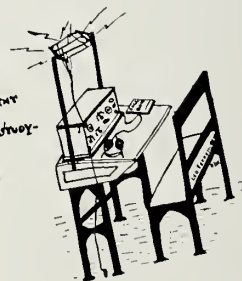
Bow - Day
Do you Remember?




The Faculty Program



A GOOD IMPROVEMENT
V.W.H.S. STUDY
JAN. 26





EXCALIBUR? 23

Christmas Carols—Prof. Jones and Freshman Girls' Glee.

27—Senior rings and pins arrive—a little late for Christmas presents (?)

JANUARY

3—Back at school again. Some "klever kids" stacked the senior books. Well, well, Margaret, did Santa Claus bring you that diamond?

5—Big basket ball game. Our boys defeat Ridge; our girls defeated. Our girls wear their new uniforms—spiffy, eh, wot?

9—Mr. Moore reads challenge from Ridge for another game at York Township school—on neutral floor.

10—Junior bob-sled party "plus the rest of us"; destination being York school and the game with Ridge, where our fellows were beaten, 9-6. The Freshmen get there in time to come home, any way.

12—Excalibur staff presents chapel program.

15—Miss Hall: "Define 'nosegay'." John C.: "A broach or pin."

16—Prof. Cotner and a snowball collide. Naughty, naughty, Bill! What did you say?

17—Talk on "Thrift" by R. P. Marshall, of Lima.

18—Exams!! Nuff ced.

19—Game with Bryan—score 23-20, in their favor.

22—New rules to start the new semester right. Now will you be good?

25—Grade cards—Ugh!!

26—Cast for Junior Class play announced.

Chapel program.

Song—Sophomore girls.

Vocal duet—Clara Johnson, Lillian Benson.

Piano solo—Violet Fohner.

Piano duet — Mary Greenewald, Fern Fugate.

Reading—Ruth Conn.

Song—Junior and Freshman girls.

"Scarlet and Gray" questionnaires distributed.

30—Faculty vs. Senior boys' basket ball game—score, 26-24, faculty's favor.

31—Answers to questionnaires read. We are glad to see that we seniors are appreciated by the freshmen.

Where did Mr. Cotner and Mr. Sager go after lecture course?

FEBRUARY

1—Baseball fellows meet — signs of spring! Phil Hammond elected captain.

2—No regular chapel program—short talks boosting the sale of Mozart Glee Club tickets.

In our basket ball games with Ada our fellows are defeated, but our girls win.

7—The Mozart Glee Club gives program for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

9—Mr. Menschell: "A cap was taken from the west end of the lower basement."

No chapel—boo! hoo!

Paulding-Van Wert game — score, 17-10, our favor!

12—Bus Perry appears wearing flapper ear-rings.

Song—Boys' Glee.

Song—Girls' Glee.

Vocal duet—Edith Palmer, Grace Harting.

Temperance address—Rev. G. H. Rowe.

14—Who sent Cotner that valentine?

16—Chapel program—

Vocal solo—Fred Palmer.

Address, "Better English" — Mr. Ralph Wood.

Vocal solo—Miss Myra Webber.

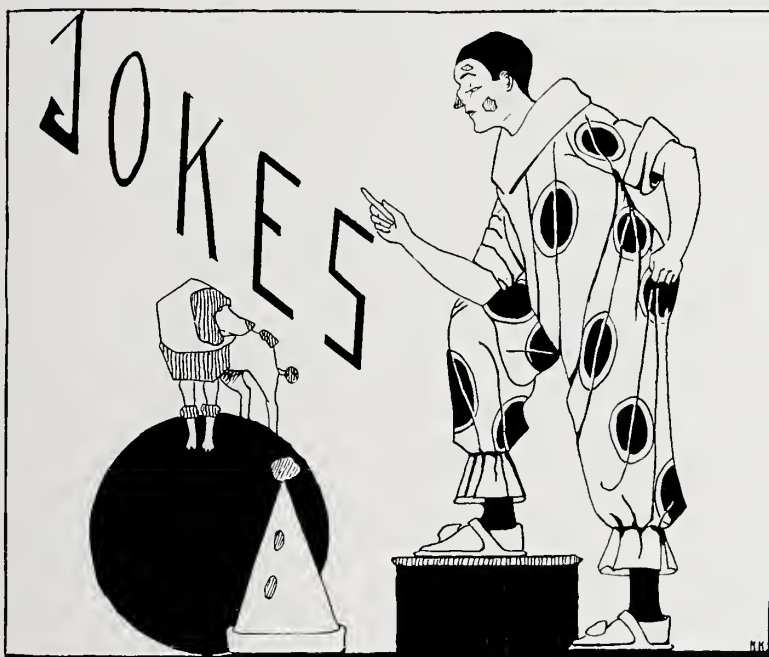
Monroe-V. W. H. S. basket ball game, 29-7, their favor.

EXCALIBUR? 23

- 19—Art slumbers peacefully in Room 26 *nearly* all A. M. Kate must have kept him out late last night.
- 21—Mike Deal, the "literary light" of the high school, launches his latest laconism: "The Thrill of Kissing," among the seniors only. The lower classmen could not appreciate it, we feel.
- 23—Washington-Lincoln birthday program—
Song—Girls' Trio.
Washington—Mary Louise Ireton.
Reading—Mildred Miller.
Lincoln—John Priddy.
Washington—Frieda Woodruff.
Lincoln—Mr. Kerns Wright.
- 26—Junior Class play.
- 27—Annabel steps on small dog in the hall.
- 28—Six "slaves of the weed" expelled.
- 23—Literary-Music contest held at High School.
Pictures of Annual Staff taken.
- 27—Curly (sitting down beside Montez, on Rayer's porch-swing, quotes a revised Tennyson): "In the swing a young man's fancy lightly turns to thots of love."
- 29-30—Hurrah for our side!! Our *first* Spring vacation!

APRIL

- 2-3—Senior Class Play.
- 5—Dean Lawson of Defiance College gives interesting talk on "Youth."
- 6—Sophomore Class Party.
- 11—Night school—where did all the cakes go?
- 12—Prof. Reebbs, of B.G.S.N.C., talks to High School.
- 13—Arbor Day Chapel—
Piano duet—Marcia Purmort, Margaret Ann Evans.
Proclamation—Euphemia Smith.
Soprano solo—Edith Palmer.
Famous trees—Norbert Miller.
Baritone solo—Robert Hines.
A Veteran's Story—Jane Beach.
Mixed quartet—Nellie Kirkland, Lillian Benson, Robert Hines, Robert Conley.
Basket ball teams are presented with V's.
- 17—Mr. Lee Bonnewitz talks to High School.
Ohio Northern Glee Club—benefiting the Juniors.
- 20—Interclass field meet.
Senior Class Party.
- 27—Northwestern Ohio Eisteddfod.
- MARCH
- 1—Christine R. gets members of Dido's anatomy mixed.
- 5—Very interesting address on affairs in China by Mr. Tracy C. Jones of the Y. M. C. A. in that country.
- 6—Domestic science girls are taught the gentle art of cleaning chickens.
- 9—Representative of the State Board of Health gives instructive talk on certain foods and their value to high school students.
Last number of lecture course, Phide-lah Rice, playreader, gives the play, "Peaceful Valley."
- 12—Mrs. Rule forgets to go to book-keeping class.
- 15—Championship game, Seniors vs. Sophomore boys. Score, 22-20 — Seniors, rah!
- 19—Prof. Tressel arrives—try-outs.
- 20—Final try-outs for Senior class play.
- 21—Cast for play announced.
- 22—What was "Pug Ugly" doing at the Y. W. with that mirror?
- MAY
- 11—Northwestern Ohio Oratorical Contest at Kenton, Ohio.
- 20—Baccalaureate Sermon.
- 23—Junior Prom.
- 24—Commencement.





EXCALIBUR? 23

TELL ME:

If Maurice couldn't find his way would Ruth Sho-Walter?
If she came to a river, would Rhea Wade?
If it was his turn, would Mike Deal?
If she got mad, would Christine Rayer?
If Bob went away, would Bing Long?
If Loyd were there, would Pearl Terry?
If she got mad, would Marie Coil?
We wonder, would Neil Gamble?
If her sweater raveled, would Esther Weaver?
If Anabel was handcuffed, would Nerma Unca-pher?

Two young men, Doc and Leo, were proceeding home one night, when a highwayman interrupted their progress with a stern "Hands up!" Whereupon the taller of the two breaks out, "Pardon, sir, but I owe my friend a dime. May I pay him before the proceedings go any further?"

Koog: "Hey, how'd you get your hand bruised?"

Gunn: "Oh, I wuz comin home from our banquet last night and some clumsy yap stepped on my fingers."

Mary Louise: "Is the editor particular?"

Ruth B.: "Mercy, yes! He raves if he finds a period upside down."

Summer Visitor: "Do you know anyone who has a guitar around here?"

Old Inhabitant: No, but I have the asthma.

"Mamma," said a child, recently, "am I descended from monkeys?"

"I don't know, Jimmie; I didn't know your father's people very well."

Doctor (looking at thermometer): "Humm, I don't like your temperature."

Red Wilson: Then why did you take it?

Abbie C.: "Why are telephone girls called operators?"

Wilbur Cotner: "Because they cut us off in the midst of our conversation."

EXCALIBUR? 23

Waiter (at Dakes): Milk or water?

Pat O'Brien: Don't tell me, please, let me guess.

Levi: "Now, mine son, just turn the corner and follow your nose."

Son Abie: "Oh, but fadder, I'll get lost."

Mrs. G.: "What is a 'Triton'?"

Ed. D.: "Oh, I know, that's a three pronged fork."

Insurance Salesman (over phone): "Is this Mr. Cotner? How would you like to have your wife and child receive fifty dollars a week after your death? Now our—"

Cotner: "Very much indeed, thank you. I wish 'em luck. By the way, do you supply the wife and child?"

When the old lady saw the magician cover a newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth and read print through it, she arose in her seat and said: "I'm going home; this ain't no place for a lady in a thin calico dress."

"Who belongs to the army ob de Lord?" shouted the colored preacher. A man in the back seat jumped up and said, "I do." "To what branch ob de army do you belong?" "To the Baptist," replied the man. "Get out, you don't belong to de Army ob de Lord, you belong to de Navy."

"Aha!" exclaimed Supt. Sullivan on Main street, "see a pin and pick it up, and all the day you'll have good luck," and as he bent to pick it up his hat fell in the mud, his glasses fell from his nose and smashed on the sidewalk, he burst three suspender buttons and tore the buttonhole of the neckband of his shirt.

Customer: "I want to get a novel to read on the train—something pathetic."

Verl Long: "How would the 'Last Days of Pompeii' do?"

Lady: "I never heard of him; what did he die of?"

Verl: "I'm not quite sure, ma'am, but I think it was some kind of an eruption."

Doc S.: "My dad tells me I have to cut out eating sugar."

Leo H.: "How come?"

Doc: "He tells me it makes me lazy."

Leo: "What kind of sugar do you use?"

Doc: "Loaf sugar."

"Say It With Flowers"



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ED. KNODEL, Proprietor

FORTUNATE

"Did your husband have any luck on his hunting trip?"

"Splendid. Didn't you hear about it?"

"No, what was it?"

"He got back alive."

CARFARE

Four hours they had been together on her front porch. The moon cast its tender gleam down on the young and handsome couple who sat strangely far apart. He sighed, she sighed. Finally:

"I wish I had money, dear," he said. "I'd travel."

Impulsively, she slipped her hand into his; then, arising swiftly, she sped in the house.

Aghast, he looked at his hand. In his palm lay a nickel.

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WALK-OVER FOOTWEAR



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73 Years in Van Wert, Ohio



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Each piece of goods we handle must contain the greatest amount of quality possible for its price.

In merchandise there are many grades. In our stocks, each is an honest value—sold exactly for what it is.

For Newest Styles

You will always find it an Education
to visit our Store

The Bonnewitz Company

Just a Little Bit Better

When almost-as-good fails miserably, just-a-little-bit-better gets by; when almost-as-good gets by, just-a-little-bit-better makes a big success; when almost-as-good makes a big success, just-a-little-bit-better takes dominance and leadership and power and first place in all the land, and the strange and pitiable part of it is that there is so little difference between almost-as-good and just-a-little-bit-better, that anyone who can be almost-as-good can with just a little extra effort be just-a-little-bit-better.

By starting a College Fund with us we can help you "All Aboard" the railway of life to the land of just-a-little-bit-better and a true success.

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H. L. SIDLE, Secretary



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The Sphinx asked, "What is the secret of success, do you know?"

The button said "Push."

The heart said, "Beat your way into life."

The tooth said, "Have nerve."

The calendar said, "Be up to date."

The ice man said, "Keep cool."

The river said, "Keep to your bed."

The barrel said, "Never lose your head."

The nutmeg said, "Aspire to greater things."

The fire said, "Make light of everything."

The microscope said, "Make much of small things."

The glue said, "Find a good thing and stick to it."

The pencil said, "Never be led."

Opp. Court House

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Opposite Court House

'MEMBER WAY BACK WHEN—

The girls had long hair? Chester Johnson didn't wash? We hung our wraps on hooks? We were free from Charlie Kirk? We only went to school until 3:00 P. M.? We had our first date? Mary Brumbaugh watched the halls? Mr. Ungereicht was a bachelor? We won the first Eisteddfod? We were Freshies?

James Rumble had always been very much afraid of dogs. One day, after a struggle to pass a large dog on the corner, his mother scolded him for the unnecessary fear.

"Well," was his reply, "you'd be afraid of dogs if you were as low down as I am."

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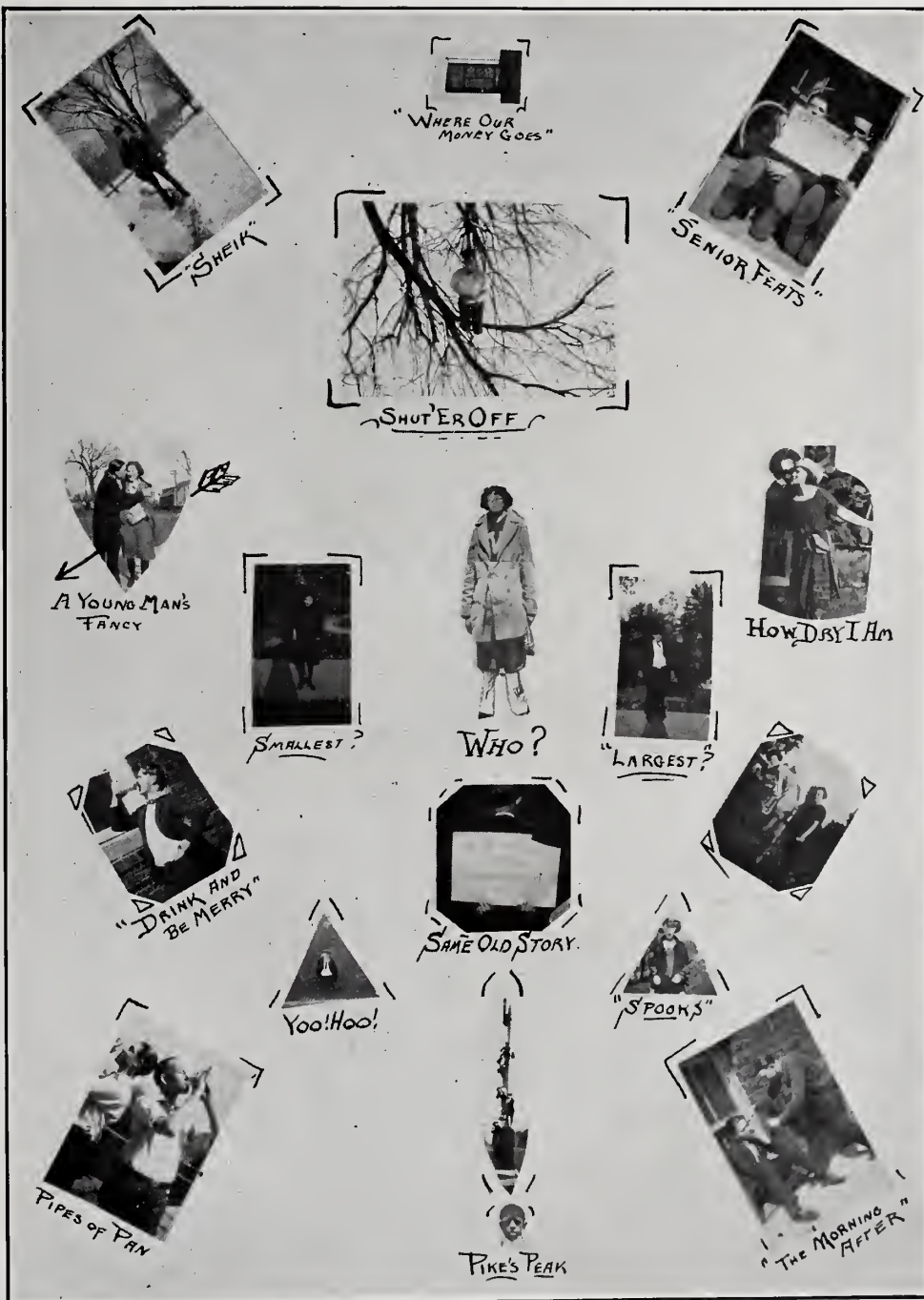
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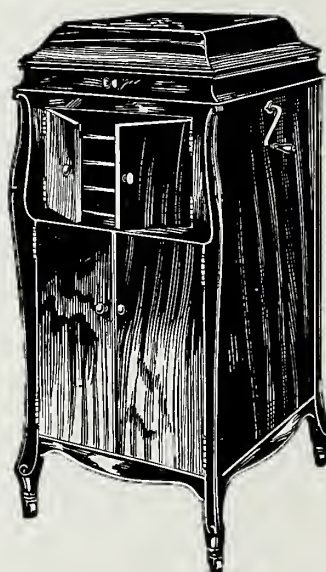
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"Homer" smile—also Mr. Menschel.
"Coach" serious.
The study hall clock three hours fast.
A lecture course without Mr. Bowland.
Eskimo Pies served in study periods.
Bill Evans in a "Tux."
Red Wilson with black hair.
Kate without Art.
"Oisie" without her gum.
Mike Deal with a girl.
John Frick at 9:30 P. M.

**Always
at 'em—
The Times**



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Eyes—Like Ward Glover.
Nose—Like Leo Werts.
Teeth—Like Eddie Dake.
Complexion—Like Carleton Walborn.
Disposition—Like Curly Bowers.
Brains—Like Don Steward.
Fun—Like Bob Rucklos.
Talk—Like Glenn Angevine.
Style—Like "Shiek" Hammon.

Miss Hall in English: "There can be no sentence without a verb."
Fred Feber: "I know one."
Miss Hall: "Name it."
Fred: "Thirty days."

THE BULLETIN



Daily Twice a Week

JOB PRINTING

VAN WERT

OHIO



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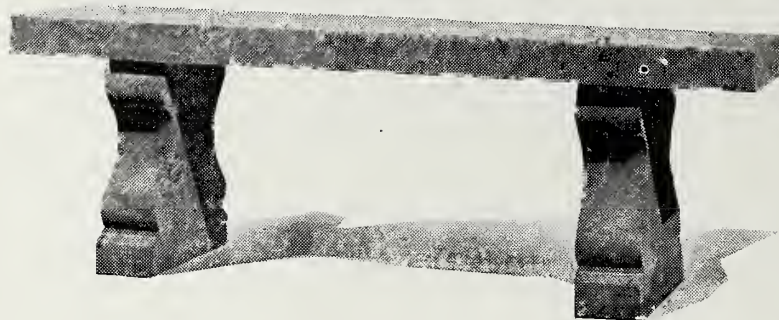
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Eyes—Like Harriet Wise.
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Teeth—Like Vivian Long.
Complexion—Like Frieda Kyle.
Brains—Like Christine Rayer.
Fun—Like Rib Klein.
Talk—Like Ruth Logan.
Style—Like Jodie Ireton.

Leo Wertz: "Do you know anything about the Bible?"

Bob Rucklos: "Sure, I know all about it."

Leo: "I'll bet you five bucks you can't repeat the Lord's Prayer."

Bob: "Yes, I can. 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' etc."

Leo: "Here's your five; I didn't know you knew so much"

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We build batteries for all makes of cars. Also, carry a line of Radio Sets and parts.

Bonnewitz Battery Station

121 South Washington St.

AT THE GAME

Grethel: "What's that man sitting on the ball for?"

Clifford: "Sh! little girl. He's hatching a touchdown."

MODEST ART—AS USUAL

Bowland: "Will you please run up the blind?"

Art: "I'm not much of an athlete, but I'll try."

"Here, waitress, this doughnut has a tack in it."

"Well, I declare, I'll bet the ambitious little thing thinks it is a flivver tire."

"Cally": "Did you yell at me down town, sir?"

Ungeright: "No."

"Cally": "Some bum did."

Fred Hennermann
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VOSS BAKERY

Makers of

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And

**Big-Dandy
Bread**

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VAN WERT

VICE VERSA

At a Christmas dinner in Washington a well-known professor was called upon to speak. In introducing him the host said to the guests: "You have been giving your attention so far to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey."

Doc.: "I can't live within my allowance."

Leo: "I can't live without mine."

When you see a man
With blushes on his face
As he snaps his watch,
There is a woman in the case.

Foot-ball is the game of eleven,
Baseball is the game of nine,
Basket ball is the game of five—
But sleeping is a game of mine.

—*Edgar Allen Poe Jones.*

Father Wise: "That admirer of yours is too fresh. The next time he calls I'm going to sit on him."

Daughter Wise: "Oh, Dad, leave that to me."

Jack F.: "Why did you put Spicket out of the game?"

Moore: "Why, for holding."

Jack F.: "Oh! isn't that just like him?"

Mrs. Collins: "What is a better meaning for this word than 'beaker'?"

Mable C.: "Goblet."

Mrs. C.: "Yes, you know a beaker always reminds me of a chemistry lab."

Neil G.: "What's appellate?"

Doc. Ladd: "It's a little thing back here." (Pointing to his throat.)

" 'Ss all right, Doc, we're glad you know."

Miss Hall: "Cheese has to get pretty old to be good."

Grace H.: "This must have been pretty good."

Englishman (eating a fish cake for the first time): "I say, old chap, something has died in my biscuit."



To the Class of '23

WE SUGGEST, IN FACING THE
WORLD PRACTICE OUR MOTTO

Look Pleasant, Please!

Also

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When you need a popular priced article think of our store. Our aim is to save you money and cater to your needs in a way that cannot help giving you satisfaction. At our music department you will always find the latest sheet music.

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TRICK'S 5 & 10c STORE

140 E. Main St.

Phone 2615

SOLID GEOM.

Miss Tozzer: "Prove this exercise for us, will you, Donald?"

Don: "I don't know where to start."

Miss T.: "At the beginning."

IN COMMERCIAL ENGLISH

"What is the feminine form of the noun Monk?"

John Frick: "Monkey—Tish! Tish!"

Two very pretty girls of our high school met on the street and kissed each other rapturously. Two young men watched the meeting.

"There's another of those things that are unfair," said one (who is always finding fault).

"What is that?" asked the other.

He pointed to the scene. "Women doing men's work!"

The Van Wert Overall Mf'g Co.

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BROWNIES

BOYS' AND MEN'S OVERALLS AND SHIRTS

C. S. FERGUS, President

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Proper Clothes For Men Who Care

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In the past few years Fashion Park Clothes have been worn to a great extent by men who demand the best. This has been true, due to the recognition of valuable fabrics and superior tailoring.

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Feigert & Grenamier
"QUALITY" CLOTHING

THE HAT SHOP



The very newest, smart and exclusive
styles always shown at our shop!

MARGUERITE ALLEN FRYER

SOUTH WASHINGTON STREET

Mrs. Voke: "Give an example of something that is a luxury for some, yet a necessity for another."

Olwen H.: "A diamond ring is a luxury yet sometimes necessary."

Frieda W.: "The title of a picture is placed either under or below the picture."

Miss Tozzer: "You are short a couple of square inches somewhere, aren't you, Miles?"

Mike: "Yes, I think I am."

SPRING IS HERE

Clem Holtrey traded Maurice Walters a dried toad and a bread-knife for two agates and three glassies, yesterday.

We specialize in showing
a Complete Line
of the Newest and Best in
Furniture
Balyeat Furniture Co.

EMPIRE LAUNDRY

Damp Wash

Rough Dry

Finished Family Work

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PHONE 3401

Mr. Speith on a winter day
Shoveled all the fallen snow away.
I'd hate to say what Speith said
When next mornin' rising from his bed
And looking out the window, found
Another layer on the ground.

Since Mr. Bowland got his false teeth no one can believe a word
he says.

Passerby: "Well, W'ot is it?"

Bird Lover: "Sh-h! Chickadee-dee-dee."

Passerby: "Aw, Peek-a-boo-boo-boo! For the love of Mike, talk
English."

DRUGS

KODAKS

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WALL PAPER

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TO BE EFFICIENT REQUIRES KEEN VISION

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Furniture and Rugs

At Very Moderate Prices

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Everything in This Line We Will Get if It Is

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GOOD CLOTHES



Colorful Patterns, Lively Shades,

New Style Ideas

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"A Hardware Department Store"

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May the future be as prosperous as your past has been. Your class pictures and diplomas are momentos which you should well preserve.

Let us frame them correctly



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Lucky Tiger Tonic for Dandruff and Violet Ray for Scalp
Boncilla Face Treatment Removes Blackheads and Clears the Skin;

Also Lifts Out the Lines—75c

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GUY L. CARPER, Manager

Moore (to the class): "Does anyone know how iron was discovered?"

Gable: "Yes, sir."

Moore: "Well, tell the class your information."

Gamble: "Please sir, they smelt it."

Miss Tozzer: "Prove this prop. for us, Eugene."

Eugene W.: "I can't."

Miss T.: "Why?"

Red: "I don't know how."

Miss T.: "Where have you been all this time while we were explaining it?"

Red: "I have been here."

Miss T.: "Why didn't you ask some questions about it?"

Red: "I didn't know what to ask."

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MORE CONSOLATION, DOC!

"You can't name one great man that your school has turned out."

"No, we always allow them to stay and graduate."

Here's to the faculty:

Long may they live—

Even as long as

The lessons they give.

Soap Salesman: "Have you a little fairy in your home?"

Bill Evans: "Gowan wis 'at bunk, an' wile you're askin', Kid, Santy Claws don't roost here neither."

Down our way they tell of a man who was so hard that he could ride a porcupine through a bed of cactus and never get a scratch.

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Dresses*

Whittall Rugs

Kaysers Gloves

Weber & Moore

ONE ON UNCLE

Bill E.: "Talking of riddles, uncle, do you know the difference between an apple and an elephant?"

Uncle: "No, my boy, I don't."

Bill E.: "Well, you'd be a smart chap to send out to buy apples, wouldn't you?"

The Freshies suggest that Mr. Sager forget the following expressions:

Scientifically speaking

Carelessly "

Geologically "

Strictly "

"First the world was flat," remarked a senior the other day, "then someone discovered it is round, and now it is crooked."

The cleanly state—Wash.

The most egotistical—Me.

The sickliest state—Ill.

The most maidenly—Miss.

The most medical—Md.

The most paternal state—Pa.

The mining state—Ore.

The bunco state—Conn.

The deep in debt state—O.

The coy state—La.

The oldest state—Ark.

A Mormon's wife, coming downstairs one morning, was met by the physician attending her husband.

"Is he very ill?" she queried, anxiously.

"Yes," said the doctor, shaking his head sadly, "I fear the end is not far off."

"Do you think," asked the wife, hesitatingly, "do you think it would be proper for me to be at his bedside during the last few moments?"

"Yes," answered the physician, "but you'd better hurry, madam. The best places are already taken."

Customer: "Waiter, commere, there's an earth worm in this soup."

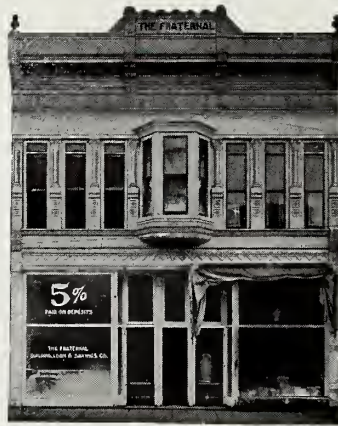
Ed Dake: "Well, wotcha want for ten cents—silk worms?"

"What did you do after the Prom?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"Oh!"

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C. F. Manship, Secretary

EXAMPLE OF MISS HENRY'S EXAM. QUESTIONS

Write briefly on the principal events of Shakespeare's life, including his dates.

Scandal! Scandal!

Florence G.: "You talk like an idiot."

Bob H.: "I have to talk so you can understand me."

Virginia S.: "Did you pass Caesar?"

Marcia P.: "No, were you expecting him?"

The Ireton Bros. Co.

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Miss Hall: "Howard, who wrote Gray's Elegy?"

Pat: "I don't know."

Mrs. Kyle: "Katherine, did that young man from Celina kiss you last night?"

Katy: "You don't suppose he drove thirty miles to hear me sing, do you?"

Miss Leamon, in Geom.: "If you had a piece of a broken wheel and tried to find the circumference, how would you do it?"

Neil Welch: "Find the other piece."

Mr. Bowland, in Hist.: "Tindall, do you mark on your piano at home as you do on that desk?"

Tindall: "Naw, we got an organ."

Smart Boy: "Johnnie, what is the difference between an old maid, a soldier, and a sandwich?"

Johnnie: "I'll give up."

Smart Boy: "Well, the old maid powders her face, and the soldier faces the powder."

Johnnie: "Well, what about the sandwich?"

Smart Boy: "That's what you bite on."

THE OLD MAN HIMSELF

At the first of the year two freshman girls were sitting together. The one girl looked up, started to say something, but seeing Speith standing beside her desk, quickly looked down again.

First Girl: "What is the matter?"

Sec. Girl: "I started to say something about Epieth and there he was."

First G.: "Talk about the devil and he's sure to appear."
"Where's the devil?"

A few minutes later the Sec. G. looked around the room and said:



YOU ARE NEVER LICKED UNTIL YOU QUIT FIGHTING AND SMILING

To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still;
But at least we can always be pleasant,
If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to look kindly,
Although you feel worried and blue;
If you smile at the world and be cheerful,
The world will smile back at you.

So try and brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how low you are down;
Good humor is alway contagious,
But you banish your friends when you frown.

Compliments of

The Strand and The Lyric

Mr. Herman B. Speith said, "How shall I get by this terrible cow?
I will sit on the stile,
And continue to smile,
And soften the heart of the cow."

Miss Hall in English IV.: "Who is meant by 'Old Nick'?"
Bob Rucklos: "Santa Claus."

Mr. Bowland (speaking of 3:00 o'clock Civics class): "I call
that my Boston class."
"Why so?"
"Such poor beans."

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to COLLEGE when you have
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for it contains a practical and useful
EDUCATION. Your money is
a sure friend when it is in our Bank.

Get the Bank Book first and you will be
able to acquire the others after, and you
will get more enjoyment out of them. "A
Bank Book is the Diploma in the College of
Success." At the end of Dr. Elliott's five foot
book shelf should be a Bank Book.

"What will the Harvest be?" When you gather
in your harvest you store it in a safe
place. When you have converted it into cash
which is the real harvest, what should you
do with it? Store it away in a safe place.
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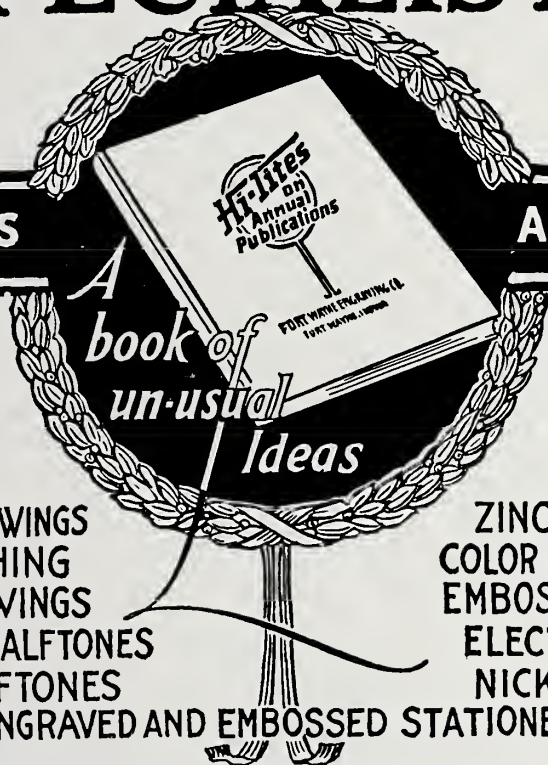


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WITH THE STAFF



EXCALIBUR? 23

Mrs. Collins, in Virgil class: "Who was Aenas' comrade?"
Eddie Dake: "Archimedes."
Bill Evans: "Say, Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes shut?"

Dad: "Sure."
Bill: "Well, shut your eyes and sign my card."

Ginny S.: "How dare you! Father said he would kill the first man who kissed me."
Angy: "Well, did he?"

Marcia I.: "Why in the world has Bob been sending you one rose a day for the last month?"
Marcia P.: "Well, you see he believes in saying it with flowers, and he stutters."

If Plato could shimmy, could Aristotle?

Passing Rev. Gamble's undertaking parlor—
M. L. Ireton: "Girls, I'm going to get drunk on embalming fluid."
Virginia S.: "You'd be dead drunk, then."

Grocer: "We have some very fine string beans today."
Hap U.: "How much are they a string?"

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head,
And settled down to drill.
He bored away for half an hour,
And then he broke his bill.

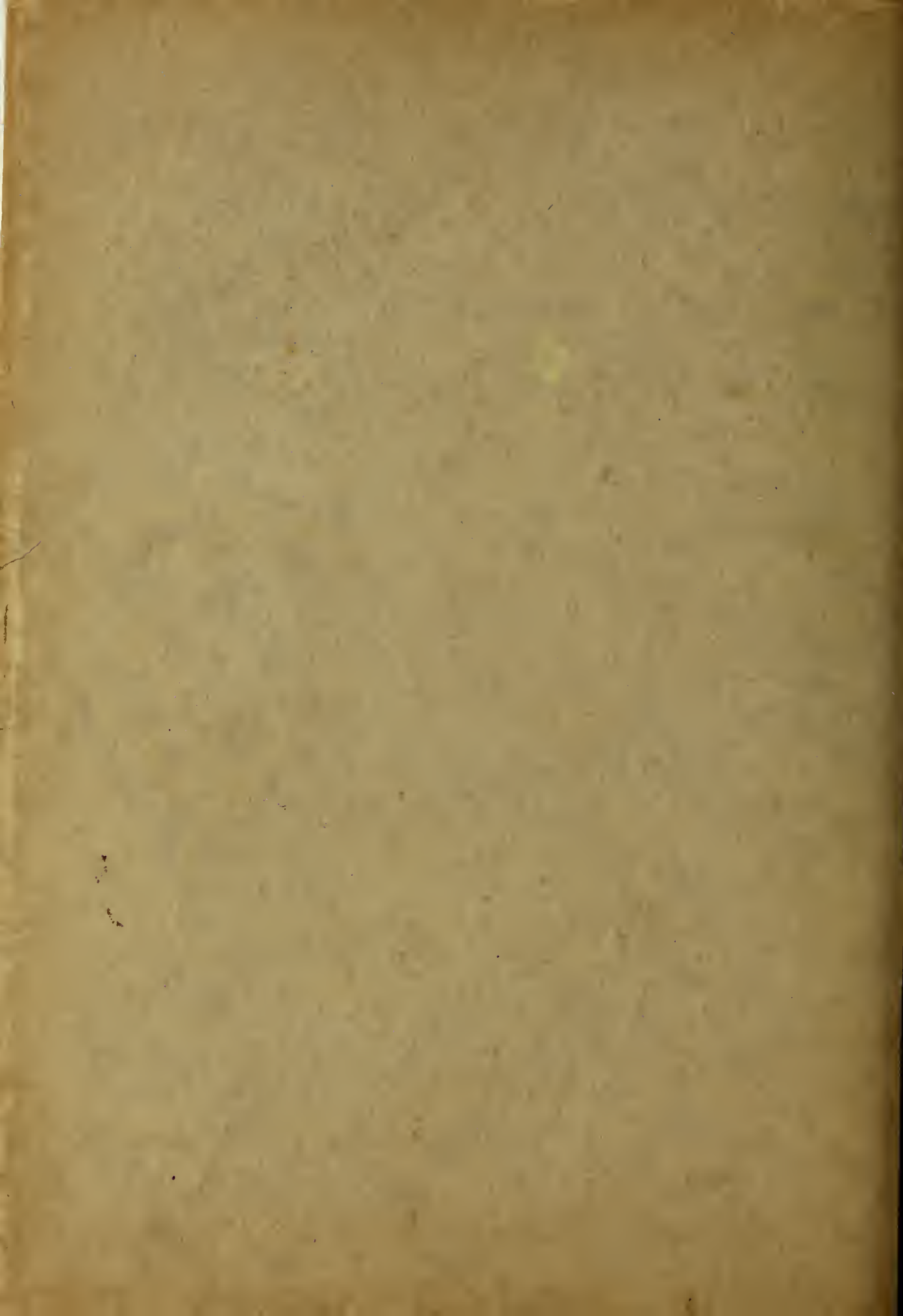
Mrs. Voke: "Eugene, where was the battle of Bull Run fought?"
Eugene Drury: "In the stock yards."

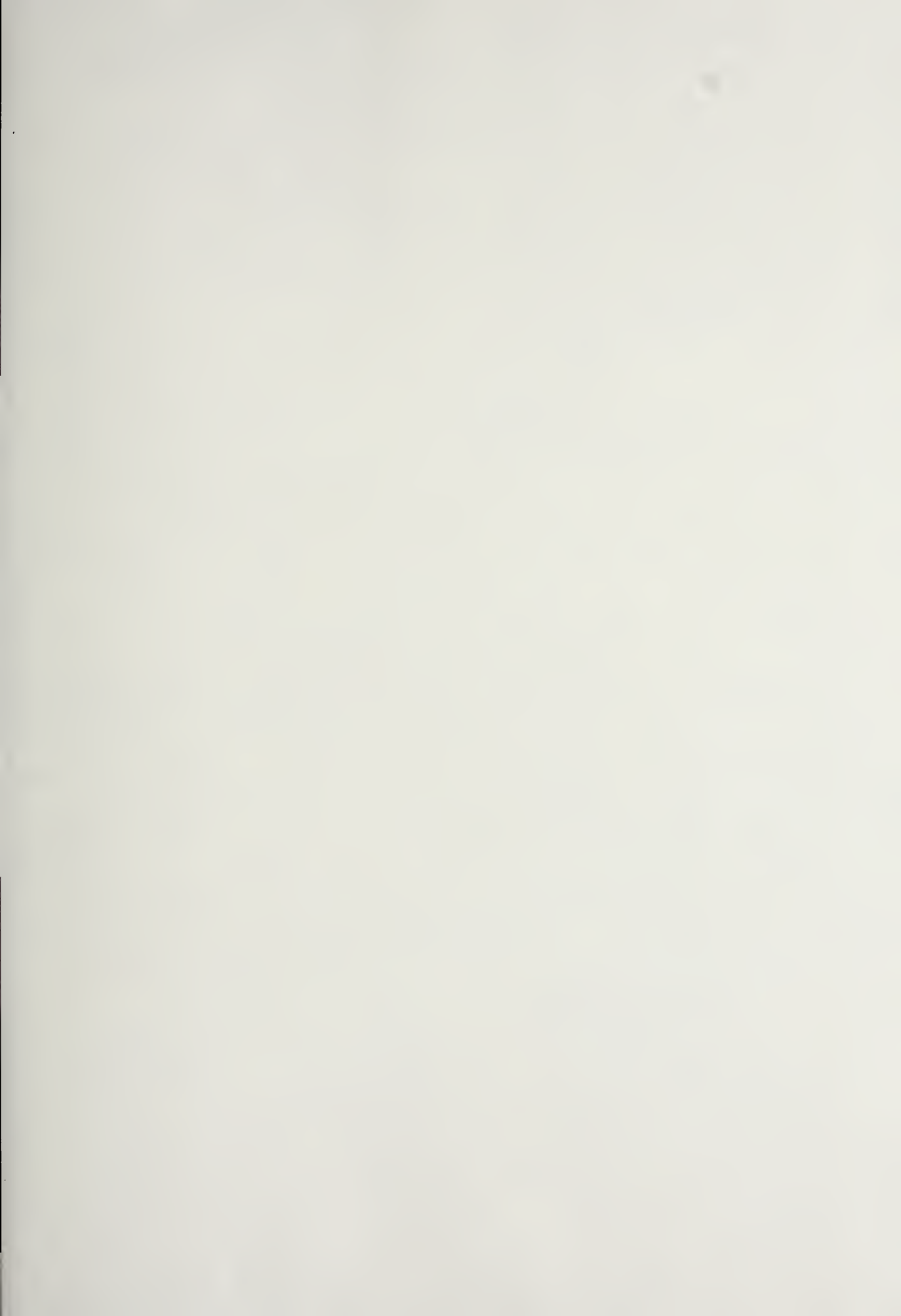
Norm: "And what do you call the part of your skirt that's under the lace?"
Marcella: "Oh, that's a slip."
Norm: "I beg your pardon."

Mr. Bowland: "Suppose the President's daughter was slapped while attending a session of Congress. Could Congress enact a law providing that he should be sent to the penitentiary for five years?"
Ed. Dake: "No! That would be a post mortem law."











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